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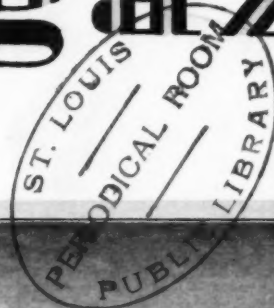
Joe Mitchell Chapple's

October, 1930

59-2

# NATIONAL

## magazine



Etching by Levon West

An October Call of the Wild

COL. "BILL" EASTERWOOD, CRUSADER OF AVIATION

COLEMAN DUPONT'S LIFE ACHIEVEMENTS

SIGMUND ROMBERG, MASTER OF MODERN MUSIC

PLUPY DELIVERS AN OPINION ON CLUBS

THE FIVE HUNDRED DOLLAR MAN

By Judge Henry A. Shute

By Clarence Budington Kelland

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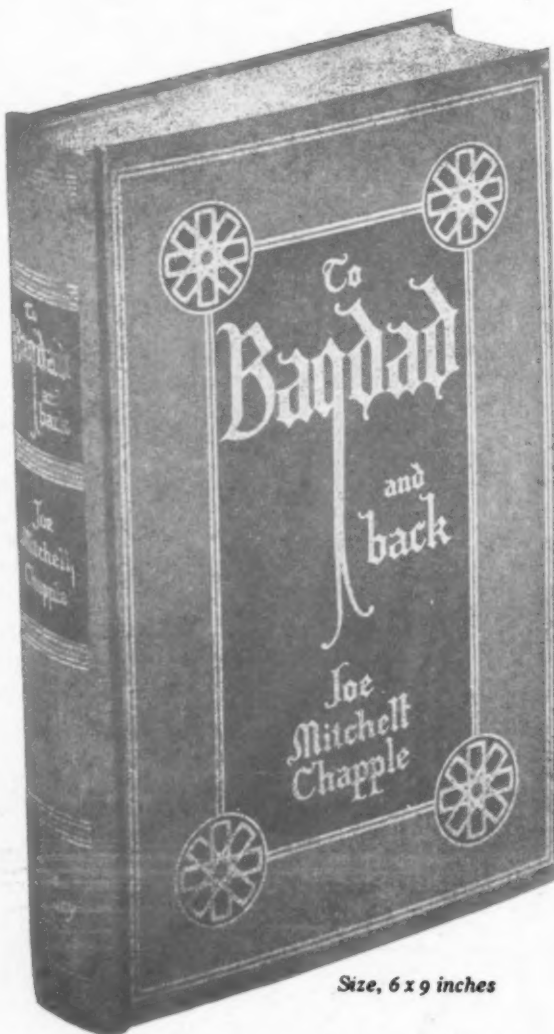
Wander  
with its Author  
Amid the Scenes of  
Ancient Writ—the  
Birthplace of the  
Human Race

~

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free  
In the silken sail of infancy,  
The tide of time flow'd back with me,  
The forward-flowing tide of time;  
And many a sheeny summer morn,  
Adown the Tigris I was borne,  
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,  
High-walled gardens green and old;  
True Mussulman was I and sworn,  
For it was in the golden-prime  
Of good Haroun Alrashed.

—Tennyson

\*\*\*\*\*



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" . . . Old as the hills: old as the winds that fan the desert sands from Basra to Barca, her features scarred but unsullied by the hand of Time that laid low the Eternal City, Bagdad was old when the mythical story of Romulus and Remus told of the mythical origin of Rome. Older than the temples among whose ruins Mary and the Child sought shelter from the wrath of Herod; old, nay, hoary with age—when Moses, the Infant of the Nile, led forth half a million freed slaves and gave them an Empire and a Book."

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**THE CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK**

# What's In The Magazine These Months

by Donald Kingery Carroll

## IN THIS ISSUE

When the French flyers landed in New York last month, the American people were delighted to hear that one of their own countrymen had won a share in the glory of the flight. Colonel "Bill" Easterwood—do not have the brazenness to call him "William," a name he has practically abandoned—of Dallas, Texas, was announced by the newspapers as the donor of the \$25,000 prize for the flight from Paris to New York and then on to his beloved Dallas. I had the pleasure of meeting him in his suite on the 32nd floor of the New Yorker Hotel. His congeniality, his good humor, and most of all, the enthusiasm he spreads about, leave one in a thrilled mood, to descend from which it takes several hours of commonplace life. We are apt to hear a great deal more of the Colonel in the future, if aviation is to mean anything at all in America.

Will Rogers has laid down the dictum that Americans join everything but their own families. Even throwing a good-sized handful of the salt of skepticism on this statement, the fact probably remains that the people of this country are peculiarly prone to join organizations, of whatever ilk. The number is legion. There are book clubs, athletic clubs, fat men's clubs, literary clubs, political clubs, septuagenarians' clubs, and so on *ad infinitum*. Judge Shute in this issue exposes this foible of ours through his likable Plupy, whose observations embracing other kinds of clubs, are reasonable as well as amusing.

What is to become of music in America? Ever since the advent of the talkies the musicians in the theatres who formerly played the accompaniments to the silent films have stoutly protested against being replaced by sound machines. One orchestra in Hollywood can supply practically all the theatre music in the country. While sympathy should be extended to the local musicians thus deprived of their trade, especially in view of the suddenness of the talkies' adoption, it would seem futile to try to check the advance of labor-saving and economical machines. Sigmund Romberg holds optimistic views of the effect of talking pictures on American music. He believes that the talkies, instead of grating on the musical sense, will soon prove a boon to real music. He sees a golden field, and he himself is trying to introduce the theatre-going public of the world to pure and undefiled harmony. He points to the significance of the new opportunity of small-town people to hear the greatest performers of the country. Mr. Romberg has made a notable success already in the art, having written the musical score for the "Student Prince" and for outstanding talking pictures. In the article "Romberg, a Master of Modern Music"

you will find an interesting account of his life, as well as an exposition of his views on modern music.

Coleman T. duPont enjoys several distinctions that entitle him to the attention of his fellow Americans. His is a famous family, containing several of the most powerful persons in the country. As a business leader he has few peers, yet his thought has by no means exclusively attached itself to business alone, for his distinction as a leader along civic lines is as great. The people of Delaware in particular have benefited from his admirable community spirit. He led this state in the movement for better roads, building a part of the new highways at his own expense. Other projects were accelerated to completion with his co-operation. In recognition of his accomplishments the people of the Diamond State sent General duPont to the Senate of the United States by an overwhelming majority.

Most men have hobbies, but probably no one can boast a hobby that is as elaborate and useful as that of Joseph R. Kathrens of New Milford, Ohio, who has devoted many years of his life to collecting an art reference library. So far, the collection has reached the amazing extent of one hundred

thousand pages, a rich and unique reservoir of information about American artists and their work. Mr. Kathrens possesses a fuller collection of many an artist's work than the artist himself. Besides presenting an interesting character, the article on Joseph Kathrens is valuable as a luxurious history of American art.

In the commonplace story one would expect that the leading character who is described as irredeemably lazy would come to no good end. But Clarence Budington Kelland is no commonplace author, and in his "Five Hundred Dollar Man" in this issue he relates the history of Lem Grove, a loafer who determined to disappear in order to prove his worth and whose experiences are calculated to surprise the reader.

The regular departments are continued in this issue. "Affairs at Washington," a section that has run for over thirty years under the conduction of the Editor, Joe Mitchell Chapple, describes the events of national importance during the past month. Nixon Waterman again amuses us with his bouncing verses. "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" contains new sketches of notables. Incidentally, those who enjoy these sketches should be pleased to learn that the first volume of "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" is now available in an inexpensive edition, published by Grosset & Dunlap in their 75c series and purchasable at most drug stores. Mr. Chapple's "Face to Face with Our Presidents" has also joined the ranks of inexpensive books, this volume being printed by the World Syndicate to sell for 25c at the Kresge stores.

## IN COMING ISSUES

November's issue promises several enjoyable features for the readers of the NATIONAL. There will be fiction for the story-lover, travelogues for the wanderlust, and personality sketches for everyone.

Outstanding among the articles will be one by the Editor, the first of a series on his trip to Mexico. Although this was scheduled for the present number, the unstoppable rush of other matters has deferred the commencement of the series. But it will be worth waiting for, as anyone knows who has read Mr. Chapple's vibrating accounts of his travels in Spain and Bagdad. Mexico holds a peculiar fascination for most Americans and would probably become a popular tourist country if it were not so near a neighbor, to travel to which one need not dramatically stride down the gangplank to the tune of clicking cameras. The land of Montezuma and Cortez has an attraction of its own. Despite its reputation, Mexico is a reasonably safe country, provided, of course, you don't run for the presidency. The roads

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**Mrs. Herbert Hoover, First Lady of the Land.**

*From the time when she was known as Miss Lou Henry, a student at Stamford, she has been a source of inspiration for Herbert Hoover. Her penetrating faith in the young engineer has been sustained from the day she cast all her fortunes upon this faith and set sail for China with her new husband, destined to grow into a pre-eminent world figure. She fought side by side with him in the Boxer Rebellion; she has co-operated with her husband wholeheartedly in every project, even literary; during the wild chaos of the World War she mightily steeled him to the fulfillment of his duties as Food Administrator. Today, as First Lady of the Land, she continues to share the tremendous burdens that have been thrust upon the Chief Executive.*





## Affairs at Washington

*By Joe Mitchell Chapple*



OCTOBER has been a month of oratory—for President Hoover—if one dared refer to his addresses by that old-time title. He impressed the people with the fact that there is a level-headed and hard-working, kindly and sympathetic Chief Executive at the White House. He has remained at his post during the long hot summer, and correspondents in Washington insist that he has given more time to official work than any previous executive and has punched the time clock with a determination to try and relieve the unemployment situation for workingmen and the drought situation for farmers. Despite the illness of his son and Mrs. Hoover, he has kept right on with his work, exemplifying what all of us should do in meeting the everyday worriments of life. His speech at Cleveland to the bankers was unperturbed by communist demonstrations; his greeting to the American Legion was a masterly address, predicated on the preamble of their constitution; he gave sympathetic counsels to the American Federation of Labor; and the climax of the tour took place at Kings Mountain. Within the space of a few weeks he has encompassed in his speeches over the radio and on the rostrum, subjects that touched practically every problem that appears on the horizon. Despite upheavals that have occurred in the first eighteen months of his administration, wherever he has appeared, there has been a most respectful consideration manifest even by political opponents, indicating that many of the pressing questions of the day are not political in every respect. Traveling about the country, he has come face to face with the people and made his "swing around the circle" amid the beautiful and glorious oriflame of autumn and in the company of his life-long helpmate and companion, Mrs. Hoover. Returning to Washington he is preparing for the legislative program of Congress, dealing with the aggravated situations in international affairs. The concensus grows apace that the darkest days of the world depression are past and that the United States is putting its house in order to lead in a new era of understanding and world-wide prosperity. With the voice of the President familiar to every household over the radio, it would seem as if the nation is more cohesive than ever before in thought and tem-

per, for united action on questions of national and international importance—this in spite of inconsequential questions that often overshadow the fundamental problems.

MEMORIES of stirring days were recalled as General Clarence Edwards, commander of the Twenty-sixth Yankee Division, rode in the epochal parade of the American Legion in Boston. The most impressive and largest parade of soldiers that has occurred



*President Hoover, as seen by the etcher*



General Clarence R. Edwards, "Daddy" of the Yankee Division

since war time and a convention that will be memorable in the history of the organization featured the Legion Week. General Gouraud, who commanded American divisions in the World War, was one of the notables who participated in this striking peace-time pageant of soldiers. General Edwards was attired in the jaunty overseas cap, adorned with two stars, and rode horseback, straight as an arrow. Thousands of the boys whom he had met overseas lustily cheered their old commander in military fashion, with a salute that was sincere and impressive. It even exceeded the radio fans' ovations given Legionnaire Rudy Vallee, who led the Maine delegation's band in a rendition of the "Stein Song."

THE record of airplane disasters does not seem to retard the activities in aviation. The government never was more alert in developing every known device that may add to the safety of travel in the air. The smoke-screen manoeuvres in New York indicated the enthusiasm in Washington in building up a third line of defence—in the air—that will be as impregnable as that of the army and the navy. The towering shafts of the skyscrapers were enveloped in billowing clouds that formed a more effective disguise than anything achieved during the war in the way of camouflage or naval smoke

screens. Secretary Charles Francis Adams in his address at Boston made a significant statement in reference to having an impregnable navy. A navy if supplemented by the air forces on land and on sea, with a battery of air guns and bombing planes, will provide a defense that will be much less expensive in dollars and cents than the million dollar battleships and heavy guns utilized in coast defence.

\* \* \*

SITTING beside William Phillips at a luncheon given to the President, I could not reconcile myself with the fact that he is not in the Diplomatic Service. Since meeting him in 1903 at the American Embassy in London, I have followed his subsequent diplomatic career. Remembering his record at Peking, China, as assistant at Washington to the Secretary of State on Far Eastern Affairs, and in 1908 chief of that division, as assistant Secretary of State, and then American Envoy Extraordinary, Plenipotentiary to Belgium, and finally Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Canada in 1929, I could not conceive of anything but the foremost place in American diplomacy for William Phillips. His resignation from the service is keenly regretted, for in his many years of experience and contacts in foreign service he has added distinction to the annals of American diplomacy. Having spent much of his life in foreign lands, he naturally felt that his children were a first consideration, and the parental desire to be near them during their formative years was stronger than any personal ambitions in public life.



William Phillips, former Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Canada



THE campaign in New York waxes now wet, now dry. The nomination of District Attorney Tuttle presents a formidable Republican opposition to the reelection of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, who has had his troubles with the Tammany exposures involving the sale of judgeships and a few other evidences of corruption. He ordered the Tammany leaders not to waive immunity but to face the music, but they were not so obedient as he could have wished. Political leaders feel that upon the result in New York largely depends the candidacy of Governor Roosevelt for the Democratic nomination for President. He was nominated by the former Governor "Al" Smith, erstwhile candidate for President. The battle song of "East Side, West Side" has been revived, and the campaign goes merrily on in the hope that it may have some effect in showing which way the wind is blowing for the presidential campaign of 1932. The radio has become an even more important instrument in campaigning than in 1928, when the mere pronouncement of the word militated against the vigorous stump speeches of Al Smith, whose insistent "radio," did not seem to radiate into votes.

\* \* \*

THE nomination of Phillip LaFollette as Governor of Wisconsin, together with the fact that his brother Robert M. LaFollette is already the senior Senator from the Badger State, indicates that the spirit of the late "Bob" LaFollette goes marching on in the persons of his sons. The nomination was followed by the marriage of Senator LaFollette, so that wedding chimes joined in the family jubilations. Few men have more indelibly impressed their personalities upon a state than did the father of these sons upon Wisconsin. He built up an organization and a following that have seemed well nigh impregnable, but the selection of his sons as his successors in the senatorial and gubernatorial offices does not necessarily mean that the boys have not earned their distinction on their own merit. They have certainly proved themselves impressive vote-getters within the boundaries of the domain so long controlled politically by their illustrious father.



The late Robert M. LaFollette, whose sons carry on his work

ALTHOUGH the Hawley-Smoot Bill has now become history, there have been reactions and threatened reprisals that have engaged the attention of the tariff commission. Neither Hawley nor Smoot has considered that their work is done. While it is not altogether their tariff bill they naturally want to see it work out. Most of the critics of this tariff would probably

not truthfully say that they had read it or possessed a knowledge of actual conditions. We have a habit in the U. S. of following the headlines and the fair weather gossips. Everything isn't so just because everybody says so, for then it becomes of the fabric of gossip rather than of fact. Representative Hawley is warming up in the

office of the Ways and Means Committee ready to meet all comers in the open season for criticism pro and con; it doesn't matter much which.

\* \* \*

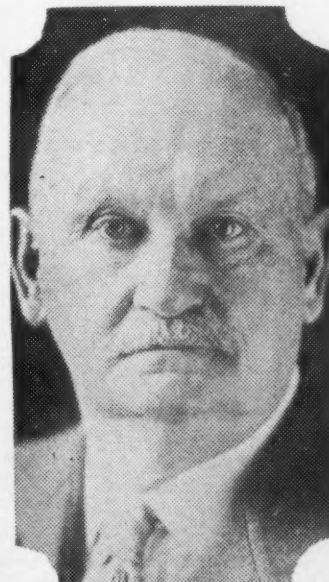
ON James A. Reed's return from Europe, I met him in New York. He still enjoys chewing tobacco and is as uncompromising in his Jeffersonian ideas as ever. His last radio address before sailing was interrupted by an S. O. S. call, and he jokingly insists that he felt highly complimented that one of his addresses should occasion such a call, even if it came from one of his erstwhile enemies. He still continues to reside in Kansas City where he withstood all the blandishments of a Republican National Convention that nominated his old-time

enemy, Herbert Hoover, for President. Strange to say, they were both born in Iowa within a few miles of each other "while the tall corn grew," but the former Senator Reeds says this was not his fault and insists that at the time of his birth he was closer to Hoover than he has ever been since.

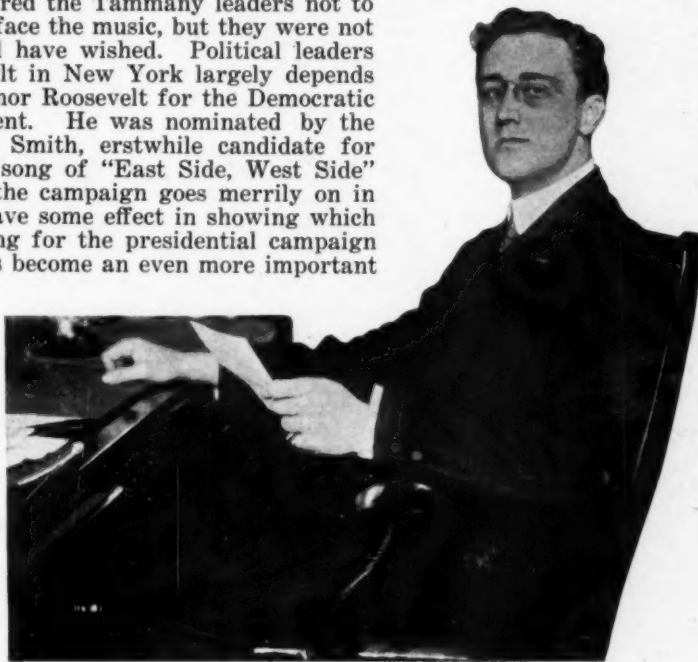
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ANOTHER tempest in a teapot passed when Secretary Hyde of the Department of Agriculture was called to Chicago to investigate the charge that the

Soviet Government of Russia was selling short on the market and was shipping wheat out of Russia while peasants in that country were starving for want of bread. Huge fleets, it was charged, were engaged in dumping fifty million bushels of wheat in the English market, seriously affecting Canada and Australia. Secretary Hyde made a personal investigation of the situation with the officials of the Board of Trade of Chicago and found out that much of the alarm was unnecessary, even with seven million bushels of wheat sold short in a little over three days. The result of the scare was salutary, however, for it has put the exchanges on their guard to watch out for plots and



Willis C. Hawley, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives



Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York



counterplots involving necessities in the market, thus working a hardship to the consumer through the use of superficial "thimble-rigging" of the quotations that represent the "going market price" of any product.

IN the passing of the late Daniel F. Guggenheim, the world of aviation has suffered a great loss. Few men individually have done more to place aviation on a sound financial footing and exploit its practical advantages than the man who was



Harry F. Guggenheim, who maintains the family tradition of interest in aviation

able to enlist the interests of Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh in the work. In his achievements the late Daniel F. Guggenheim was ably assisted by his son, Harry Guggenheim, the present American Ambassador to Cuba, who has cooperated so enthusiastically with Colonel Lindbergh in his service to the cause. Although kept busy with his diplomatic duties, Mr. Harry Guggenheim has not relaxed his interest in the cause of aviation, and has done much towards developing this new means of transportation, in the belief that it will play a more important role in international relations than any other form of communication ever evolved.

POLITICAL prophets are busy in Washington figuring out the trend of the fall elections. It is the "off-year" when the administration naturally anticipates a reaction. The senatorial contests involve a mixed variety of issues. While the prohibition issue is actively discussed and will affect the fortunes of many aspiring candidates one way or another, it can hardly be called a party issue. The question also arises as to whether the country is suffering from prohibition or the lack of good liquor. Prohibition is not a popular word in itself—we learned that early in youth when we were prohibited from doing this or that. We learned as a nation early in our history that out of prohibition of one sort or another we have organized government, but there are those who remember when there were signs prohibiting spitting on the sidewalk, which was as offensive to some and made as important an issue in the corner drugstores as prohibition is today. In many political camps where the contest for a particular office is of more consequence than any fundamental issue, this actually non-fundamental question is allowed to overshadow all else.

AS is said by the insurance companies, there is a real distinction in being in the one hundred thousand list. Twenty-six municipalities have joined the hundred thousand clubs under Uncle Sam's recent census. This population figure was considered that of a considerable-sized American city before the days of millions in the cities. Massachusetts leads the states with nine cities having a population of more than one hundred thousand, with Ohio, New York, and New Jersey follow-

ing closely. Among all of the cities of this class, Miami, Florida, showed the largest gain, increasing 273.7% in ten years, which gives the Magic City another good reason to shout aloud concerning the merits of the tropical metropolis of the United States. New York City showed the greatest numerical gain, crowding an additional population within her boundaries of a million and three hundred thousand, more than the entire population of many states. The total is within a fraction of seven millions, which constitutes no little advance from the days of the founding of Wall Street for the little burgh on Manhattan.

THE senatorial campaign goes on apace, and Ruth Hanna McCormick continues to battle, exhibiting the same aggressive force that distinguished her father and husband in their respective campaigns. With senatorial committees to combat and with factional troubles to smooth out, she has continued courageously and ably unabated her onslaught on the lines of her opponent. She has asked no quarter on the grounds that she is a woman, holding her splendid organization intact, whose members are determined to make their leader the first woman ever elected to the United States Senate. They feel that she is not only qualified, but that the attacks made upon her justify them, unterrified by threats and internecine opposition, in their resolution to continue on to the finish.

AS the stately black-robed procession proceeded across the corridors of the Capitol to the Supreme Court room, they were faced with a calendar of over five hundred cases covering a wide variety of legal questions. It is remarkable that so many cases should have accumulated during the summer recess. Under the aggressive leadership of the late Justice Taft, there was not a single argued case that remained undisposed of on the calendar. The record last year contained more than a thousand cases—a record probably to be surpassed this year, for half of the quota is already filled. The growing inclination prevails to take jurisdiction in as few cases as possible. After an absence of fourteen years Chief Justice Hughes comes back to work with renewed vigor, while Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes begins his twenty-ninth year of service on the ninetieth anniversary of his birth. The calendar has its usual quota of cases to retest the validity of the Volstead Act, which has previously been passed upon and confirmed by the Court several times. But early solutions are likely, for few high tribunals in world history have been more expeditious in their work than the august body known as the Supreme Court of the United States. And yet, despite the volume of business and limited time that may be devoted to any one case, the Supreme Court's decisions, with rare exceptions, have been generally adjudged by later historians as best for the American people.



Mrs. Ruth Hanna McCormick, Republican nominee for Senator from Illinois

WHILE in Washington General Gouraud declared that the Lincoln Memorial was to his mind one of the finest in the world. Coming from a Frenchman, this is indeed praise. There is no other one thing that the French may claim with so just merit as that their monuments are superb artistic triumphs. The classic pillars of the Lincoln Memorial representing each sovereign state has a suggestion, not only of dignity and power, symbolizing the Union that Lincoln preserved, but carries with it the ideals of beauty which are associated with the classic days of Greece and Rome in all their architectural glory. The figure of Abraham Lincoln, looking out across the lagoon upon the dome of the Capitol is one of the sights of Washington that will always remain a vivid scene in the Halls of Memory. The Memorial Bridge will be the connecting link between the North and South, which Lincoln preserved as a Union strong and great, "one and inseparable."

\* \* \*

EUROPEAN travelers have frequently commented on the scarcity of historical buildings in America, accounting for this lack on the ground of the comparative youthfulness of civilization in the New World. Nevertheless, those that do exist hold a revered place in the affections of Americans, who have rejoiced to learn that one of the most precious edifices—Monticello, the old home of Thomas Jefferson—is now in the possession of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, the second and final mortgage of \$300,000 having just been paid. This accomplishment is a matter of especial pride

because the money has been raised by Americans throughout the country. The school children of New York alone raised \$90,000 by penny subscription. American activities in the interest of historical shrines should be a sufficient answer to foreign critics who describe the typical American as materialistic and commercial—note the enthusiastic donations more than once given to save the good ship "Old Ironsides" from destruction. Monticello is perhaps more sacred to Americans than ever before, for many historians are now emphasizing the important role Jefferson has played in American life and institutions.

\* \* \*

IT was probably not necessary for Hon. Dwight W. Morrow to resign his Ambassadorship from Mexico to be elected Senator from New Jersey. The fact that he is to enter public life in national affairs is in itself an event of country-wide interest, for it is felt that he is of the stuff that is needed in public service in these piping times. He put his house in order in Mexico and was eminently successful in drawing the two countries closer together in enduring and friendly relations. His successor, Mr. Reuben Clark, has been intimately associated with him in his work of winning the absolute confidence of the sister Republic for the United States. Mr. Reuben Clark hails from Utah and has had a thorough experience in public service as an invaluable assistant to many of the foremost officials in Washington. His appointment as Mr. Morrow's successor is interpreted as a recognition of merited service as well as an appointment of outstanding merit.



*The Lincoln Memorial at Washington*



# India Dramas to be Shown in America

*For the first time in dramatic history, Sisir Kumar Bhaduri, noted high-caste Brahmin actor-manager, will be brought from India to New York by the noted entrepreneur, Miss Elisabeth Marbury. Bhaduri will produce with his own Indian Orchestra and a company of beautiful Nautch girls*

FROM Port Said, Egypt, comes word that Sisir Kumar Bhaduri, the noted actor-manager of Calcutta, India, has arrived so far on his voyage from India to the United States, where he, with his company of Hindu players, Nautch dancers and musicians, is due to arrive about October 16th. This will be the first time that the Hindu drama, played by Hindu players and accompanied by an Indian orchestra playing the age-old instruments of India, has been seen in this country, or for that matter, anywhere within the pale of Western civilization. These players of Hindustan will be presented by Carl Reed, by special arrangement with Miss Elisabeth Marbury, the most noted agent for things theatrical in New York.

Sisir Kumar Bhaduri is a handsome Brahmin of Bengal, the son of an illustrious family and before he became an actor was professor of English literature in the University of Calcutta. A great friend and a protege of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Bhaduri adopted the stage as, to his mind, the most ready and potent means of bringing to the Western world an adequate idea of Hindu culture, civilization and ideals. His plays based on Indian epics, which outdate the Iliad and the Odyssey, known as the Mahabharata and the Ramayana, demonstrate clearly, how India has through good fortune or ill maintained her culture for ten thousand years. The plays Bhaduri will present in New York portray the keen sense of beauty, the eternal search for the unknown and the fine spirit of self-abnegation that characterize India's life. They are all poetic drama to which the lovely, liquid tones of the Sanskrit language lend an added beauty. While Bhaduri stars in all his plays, he brings with him a large company of the best-trained, most efficient actors of Bengal. As the plays to be presented are all aided in their sensuous interpretation by means of musical passages, which makes them truly melodramas in the best sense, his orchestra brings its own instruments, never before heard in this country. The Sita, a seven-stringed harp; the Esraj, an instrument resembling a bow, the father of the more modern violin; the Tablas, hand-drums that sound eight different tones; and the Pakhwaj, a two-faced drum which sounds

the main beats of the poetical emotions.

But the most unusual thing about the coming of these Hindu players is the fact that Sisir Bhaduri has been able to bring with him a company of beautiful Nautch girls, girls trained in the service of the temples. These are the most highly educated girls in India, for they are trained from babyhood to serve the gods, while the Indian housewife remains in ignorance, content to know those housewifely duties which will fit her to be a good wife. Most

must have obtained some special dispensation for these girls to leave India and cross the water, for such action inevitably means loss of caste.

How ancient is the tradition which links the Nautch girl of India to the earliest form of the dramatic art of Hindustan is shown by the fact that the Sanskrit word for the highest form of drama "Natakan" is closely allied to the familiar modern word "Nautch."

\* \* \*

The origin of the Nautch dancers goes back to the mythological period, when the goddess Parvati taught a species of pantomime to the princess Usha who in turn instructed the pretty shepherdesses of Dwarka. Through this agency the dances became known to the women of the whole Surasta peninsula. Assigned to the temples of the Hindu gods, these girls early received instruction in dramatic art and were also taught to read, write, sing and embroider; and thus became the best educated among all Hindu women. This characteristic remains today, for these Nautch girls who are coming to the United States are all highly educated, while the housewives of India remain in ignorance.

This, of course, is not the characteristic solely of India, because tradition bears witness to the fact that the Sapphos of Greece, the Alineahs of Egypt and the Geishas of Japan were all more highly instructed in the arts and graces than their less showy sisters, who knew nothing of the arts of philosophy and astronomy; nor were allowed to become adept in dancing, singing or languages.

It is this backwardness in education of the women of India which has for so many centuries held Hindustan from modern civilization. Even today leading Indians do not wish their housewives to be educated. They declare that all a woman needs to know is how to make her husband comfortable. A member of the Indian legislative assembly, Munshi Iswar Saran says: "Such is our foolhardiness we have started giving education to our girls. I ask you if you believe that you will be able to dictate to your daughters."

Child marriage has much to do with the Hindu's objection to education for women. Mr. Brajajal Chakravarti, secretary of the



Miss Elisabeth Marbury, the noted entrepreneur of the theatre

of the dances in which these Nautch girls take part are interpretations of poems, legends and the brave deeds of the heroes of Hindu mythology. Marvelous in youth and loveliness; clothed in garments of radiant silk and with every graceful movement made musical with the tinkle of many jewels, they are the epitome of all that is most pleasing in the life of India.

These Nautch dancers are young, graceful, beautiful, well-trained girls who have been educated under the eyes of the Brahmin priests from childhood. Bhaduri



# The Five Hundred Dollar Man

*Wherein the famous novelist tells of a worthless loafer whose piqued pride led him to disappear in order to prove himself of value—with unexpected results*

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

FIVE hundred dollars for a husband," remarked Chet Sparling, looking over the top of his paper to take in the gathering in Snub Smith's grocery store. "Here's a woman offerin' that ee-normous sum for one she's had the bad luck to mislay."

"Five hundred?" asked Lem Grove skeptically. "Did you say five hundred?"

"Don't seem possible, does it?" agreed Chet. "It's quotin' a higher rate than prevails on the local market."

"I'll bet," delivered Snub Smith with solemnity preternatural, "that Lem's wife would give a heap more'n that to git him back if he strayed away."

If Snub's reputation as a wag had not been set and cemented by a life devoted to quip-making, this sally would have raised him above all rivals for humorous fame. It was admitted to be his masterpiece. The counter was pounded, fingers were thrust under ribs, backs were slapped, men rocked to and fro as they sat on potato barrel or cracker box, and hoarse, appreciative laughter rolled out of the door and up the street.

The point of Snub's witticism lay in the circumstance that Lem was married to the local financier, the Hetty Green of Eagle township, who owned mortgages and loaned money and preserved her income as though it were her life's blood. Lem represented her one poor investment, and long ago she had charged him off to profit and loss. She was content to admit his negative qualities as an income producer, or as a producer of any kind whatever, and was resigned to support him in idleness if not in luxury.

Lem joined in the laugh with hearty good will, taking no offence. He had no pride to be injured, and besides he knew that more than one of his friends regarded his laborless life with envy.

"You fellows don't see me breakin' my back follerin' a plow," he said pertinently.

But he began to wonder what his wife would do in conditions akin to those stated in the paper. Would she offer a reward for him and how much? Sarah was kind to him in her way and provided for his daily needs and a little tobacco over, but would she regard his disappearance as a loss to be regretted? Would she consider it worth hard money to have him back? Lem regarded the question dubiously and it began vaguely to trouble him.

"I'd like to find that fellow," Chet Sparling announced solemnly when a degree of quiet obtained. "Wouldn't I have a time with five hundred dollars? Wouldn't I though? Think of it, fellows, five hundred dollars to spend any way you wanted to."

Lem thought as directed, and the idea

was pleasant. He lacked for no necessity, and most of his small desires were within his reach, but he, for the first time, bemoaned that his wife allowed him to handle no sum of money in excess of a dollar, and seldom larger than a quarter. He longed to know the sensation of fingering hundreds. Just once would be enough. He felt that if he could have the absolute control of five hundred dollars or even two hundred and fifty he would ask no more. Then he could boast; he could take place beside the village banker and speak of the time he disbursed tens and twenties and maybe fifties. The longer he thought of it, the more alluring did the idea become. He forgot his companions, his dream blotted out the grocery story, and he revelled in a tremendous orgy of money-spending. Not a purchase was made under five dollars, and if the cost did come a few cents below he saw himself grandly waving the vendor to keep the change. It was glorious.

He ambled home, turning the matter over and over, peering at all its sides. Assure himself he could not that his wife would regard his loss as a calamity, nor that she would consider his discovery a thing for which to spend her money. Sarah was an astute shopper. He suspected she would let him stay lost forever and ever amen unless somebody offered to return him at bargain rates. It was depressing, humiliating. His half-portion of self-esteem was injured.

In unwonted silence he sat through the evening meal, at which his wife was mildly surprised, for usually he was all abristle with gossip and anecdote gleaned at the store. At last he wiped his moustache on the back of his hand, looked soberly at her and spoke.

"Sairy," he propounded with a gravity worthy of the question, "be I worth much to you?"

"Well," she calculated dryly, "I ain't reckonin' you as a asset to be hid from the tax assessor."

"I know I ain't much good carryin' on business, and my health ain't robust enough to work hard" (this was his favorite bit of fiction), "but I've done the best I knowed how to be a good husband to you, Sairy, and not get in the way nor mess up things, and I'm real fond of you. Ain't you fond of me a little, Sairy?"

"What's gittin' into the man?" exclaimed his wife, staring at him fixedly. "Sure I'm fond of you, or I wouldn't have you around. If it ain't affection that makes me hang onto you, then I'd like to know what it is." Evidently she regarded him in the light of a pet cat or canary.

"I seen in the paper where a woman lost her husband and offered five hundred dollars reward to anybody that would bring him back." He stated this tentatively.

"Nobody around Eagle, was it?" Sarah asked dryly.

"I was wonderin'," ventured Lem after a pause, "If you'd offer a reward for me if I was to disappear mysterious."

"I ain't sure," she snapped, "but I'd offer one to make you disappear."

"Would you?" he insisted.

"I don't know what I'd do in a case that ain't happened. Maybe I would and maybe I wouldn't."

"How much?" demanded Lem.

"If I offered what you was worth the man that found you would owe me money," she said with a glint of grim humor in her eyes.

"Sairy," whined Lem, "I'm feelin' my age and I'm ailin'. There's no tellin' how much longer I'll last." He sighed in deep sympathy with the self he pictured. "I guess I could go a lot easier in my mind, Sairy, if I knew you set some value on me. It 'ud make my burden easier to carry if I knew you'd be sorry to lose me. I'm goin' to make a last request, Sairy, just like I was dyin' this minnit. I make it now cause maybe I'd forget it when the time comes. I want you to promise me, Sairy, that if I ever vanish complete and mystifying, you'll offer a reward for my return, dead or alive. Will you do it, Sairy?"

"What ails the man?" she repeated. "Be you feelin' bad? Ain't you got your usual health?"

"A feller never knows what the next day will bring forth," he moaned lugubriously. "Will you make that there promise?"

"I guess I want you around bad enough to pay to git you back if you was lost," she conceded.

"How much?" he insisted. "Five hundred?"

"It 'ud depend on circumstances. Maybe so."

"This here is a last request," he reminded her. "I got a forebodin'."

"Go 'long," Sarah rejoined sharply, but because she had a sort of affection for her worthless spouse she was willing to humor him in what she put down as a childish whim. "Yes," she promised, "I'll offer five hundred."

A contented sigh voiced Lem's appreciation. He felt that his position among men was established. He had a money value; he almost considered himself legal tender.

Long he laid awake that night entertained by the felicity of his speculations. They carried him far; he saw himself lost,

mourned, frantically sought for. He watched his wife distracted, heard her crying out for him. He stared at the posted notice of reward, and grateful to his ears were the comments of the crowd at the grocery. He listened while they marvelled that such store should have been set by him; they appreciated his merit for the first time. He was a personage.

He heard the men clustered around the placard assure each other that it was no mistake—that it certainly was five hundred, not five or fifty dollars that was offered for his return. He did not sleep, in fact he exercised effort to remain awake the longer to enjoy the sensation of having a market price, an inventoried value.

Soon his dreams turned off the main road and dallied along a by-path. The five hundred dollars filled his mind; he impersonated his preserver, counted the easily-won wealth, revelled in spending it. The noble satisfaction of possessing such a sum was not to be described. He began to envy his rescuer, to covet the treasure. Then a desire crystallized, a driving desire to have five hundred dollars of his very own. Again and again he repeated the wish for the sake of mouthing the words.

He began to plan, to scheme, to search for some method which would harvest the riches for him. Outlining a financial campaign, however, was labor to which he was little accustomed; it fatigued his brain, his eyelids bore down heavily and he fell asleep.

## II

Next morning Lem was up and stirring early. Life had changed its gray for colors, and he looked on it with eyes that glistened. His daily Hegira from the radius of his wife's tongue to the welcome perlieus of Snub Smith's store was advanced by hours, and he was first on hand of all the idlers who there made headquarters. He had a disclosure to make.

Impatient as he was, he would not spring his mine until a goodly gathering was there to be hoisted by the explosion, so he waited. One by one they straggled in, each taking his long pre-empted place on cracker barrel, counter or soap-box, until Lem deemed that sufficient were present to make his sensation worth his while. He cleared his throat and prepared to dive headlong into the conversational pool. He began with a question.

"D' you fellows think there's a man in this town that his wife would give five hundred dollars to git back if he was lost?"

"Not one," grinned Snub, "unless it's you."

"This here's a serious question I'm askin'," rebuked Lem. "D'you s'pose there is such a man?"

"Wa-al," mused Chet Sparling, "even if Missis S. had so much gen-u-ine unadulterated cash, I ain't makin' no prophecy that she'd lay it out in that i-dential manner."

Constable Higgin agreed that, while his disappearance would leave a void, five hundred dollars would be regarded as an exorbitant price to pay for filling it.

This made the verdict unanimous. Lem stood alone; he of all the men in Eagle represented an actual, determined money value to his wife of half a thousand dollars. It was a proud moment.

From his soda box he reached over and rapped knuckles on the show-case. The authority of the proceeding won him undivided and unaccustomed attention.

"Boys," he said pompously, "there is a man. Yes, sir, and I'm him. If I was lost, Sairy would be tickled to death to give five hundred to git me back. She told me so." He had expelled the whole in one breath, rapidly.

In silence his audience gazed on him; perhaps for a space they failed to comprehend; then with one accord they threw back heads and guffawed until the lamp hanging in its wire basket toppled and threatened to come crashing down. Lem stared, choked, stood on his feet and opened his mouth in amazement. Could it be possible here at the moment of his success, the crisis of his life, the climax of his ambitions, he was not credited. His announcement had met with unbelief. Lem's hour of glory gasped and died.

"She said it," he repeated huskily, turning from one to another of the jeering faces in the vain hope of detecting a flicker of credence, but laughter unsubiding, in credence broke in waves over him. Snatched from his pinnacle he turned, head sunk on breast, shoulders hunched forward disconsolately, and went out without another word.

Lem dragged one leg after another wearily. His bright day was dimmed; his gold was dross. He had come bearing a wonder, a story water-marked with truth, and it had been disbelieved. They thought that he, Lem Grove, had lied to them. Because he knew that he would have lied about this very matter if there had been a chance of convincing. But he had forborne to veer from the truth; had sacrificed to veracity, and when he could come truly speaking they had laughed in his face. He might as well have lied; he might as well have told them that his wife valued him at a *thousand* dollars.

"They got to believe it," he rasped at last, striking his open palm with emphatic fist. "They got to."

From that hour he gave thought to the convincing of the grocery store coterie. He absented himself from their midst and pondered how best to prove his assertion past all peradventure. The best evidence, the final proof, would be the actual occurrence—his disappearance and the public proclamation of the reward. But, he thought despairingly, he would never disappear; nobody would ever kidnap him. And if he were to drown himself in the mill-race he could not be present to enjoy the glory of it in person. No, this would never do. He must be on the spot to benefit by the bull movement which it would give to his stock.

Little by little the idea grew from the desire. Lem's ruling passion for vindication forced his brain, little used to stratagems, to devise a scheme. Slowly it erected itself. Almost without his knowledge it added head and limbs to trunk and stood before him complete. The plan was to lose himself, to go into hiding. Then the reward would be offered; he would live to witness it, and his commercial value as a merchandisable husband would be estab-

lished in the open market by the working of the immutable law of supply and demand. He would be acknowledged as a five-hundred-dollar man.

Five hundred dollars! What a magnificent sum! What wealth! What joy to possess it! to be master of it. Lem envied his binder, coveted his good fortune. Brooding over this worked upon him to attach an amendment to his original scheme that would make it possible for him to reap not only the credit for possessing a wifely affection price-marked five hundred dollars, but also to bag the money itself. This required a confederate, and he took stock of the inhabitants of Eagle, weighing each male to test if he were of the stuff of conspirators, and calculating the expense of suborning him. He decided on Tully Crane, sexton of the Methodist Church, and grave digger for the deceased of that sect.

He approached Tully deviously, sounding him as to finances, testing his moral fiber—at last stating with circumstance a hypothetical case. Tully agreed that in such an instance he would not consider that a wrong was being committed, but on the contrary, that money obtained from a wife by any means was virtuously gained. This soothed Lem's conscience, coming as it did from one of indisputably sound theology and churchly connection; in short from the last connecting link between the finite and infinite worlds, the functionary who prepared the grave and consigned the mortal remains to its temporary resting place therein.

Tully reckoned he would help a man with such a plot for one hundred dollars. Lem scoffed. Tully acknowledged that an actual offer of fifty would tempt him sorely.

"Sexton," said Lem impressively, "this here is a actual case. I'm the man and my wife is the woman, and her five hundred dollars is the money. I'll give you twenty-five dollars of that reward if we can git it."

Tully accepted after a futile attempt to increase his honorarium to thirty-five. So the machination was set afoot, well-oiled, well-conceived.

To Lem it bowed under its weight of promise.

That night Lem sighed deeply and frequently, groaned sorely, complained of pains and aches, prophesied dissolution. "I ain't long for this world," he told his wife. "I feel it in my bones that the end is comin' suddin, Sairy."

"Pshaw," snapped the lady.

"Maybe I'll wander off somewheres and have a stroke," he moaned, imagining skilfully. "It might be in the woods or off in some lonely place where I wouldn't be found for weeks." He let this take effect. Now he deemed was the time to renew his advanced last request. "You won't forget about that reward, will you, Sairy? Seems like I could contemplate my end easier if I knew you was goin' to show me that there respect. You'll remember, won't you?"

Sarah was affected in spite of herself; she imagined that Lem might be actually ailing, and because she could detect no ulterior motive she humored him. "I'll remember, sure, if anything happens," she assured him. Whereupon Lem, satisfied, went to bed.



He dared not put his plot into execution until the recollection of his persistence in proffering his last request was dimmed a little in his wife's mind. He waited a week, two weeks, and could bear it no longer. So he dropped from sight completely.

## III

When Lem failed to come home to supper his wife was surprised, for Lem was not one of those who deny their appetites, but not alarmed. She predicated an argument at the store or a strolling vendor of medicine who entertained his potential customers by maunching broken glass or plucking coins out of the air. However, when bedtime came and he failed to appear she became mildly alarmed in spite of her effort to reassure herself. As the hours passed with no sign of him, she began to recall his forebodings, his complaints of failing health, his fears of a stroke, and in genuine fright she hurried over to Dunk Elmslee's and raised the alarm.

Eagle had waited years for a sensation or even a happening that fond imagination could expand into one, and Dunk recognized that it had come. Hurriedly, lest someone should forestall him, he dashed over to Constable Higgins' with the news. Thence, like released gas, the tidings spread through the village, and in an unbelievably short time a crowd of men in various stages of excitement, real and spurious, gathered at Snub Smith's store, and with Constable Higgins at their head, formed a searching party with formality and seriousness.

Constable Higgins had been devoting his leisure to the reading of yellow-backs to master the methods of great detectives. Recently he had taken a post-graduate course in Sherlock Holmes, and all against just such an emergency as this. He felt that he was equipped to take his place as the man of the hour.

"Come," he said with a wave of the hand, "we'll go to the home of the murdered man. We got to begin there to search for traces, and I want to interview that wife of his'n." He drew out a large reading glass which he had purchased from a peddler, with the idea of using it to make microscopic investigations of such phenomena as scratches, pipe-ashes, promiscuous hairs, shreds of texture, to run down astounding clues. This he wiped carefully.

As the searchers approached Lem's house Sexton Crane joined the party. Manifestly he labored under excitement.

"Poor Lem," he gasped, trembling visibly.

"What d'you know about Lem?" demanded the constable.

"Poor Lem," repeated the Sexton. "I seen him about six o'clock down by Hayse's wood-lot. He was talkin' to a tramp-lookin' person—makin' motions and arguin'. The last I seen they was turnin's off the road among the trees."

Here was a disclosure indeed. "Come," shouted Constable Higgins dramatically, "show me the i-dentical spot."

"It's a mystery," explained the constable as they hurried forward. "Probably somethin' out of his past. Maybe he was a member of some Black Hand or counterfeitin' gang and they've come to take vengeance onto him." The idea met with instant favor.

There was no sleep in Eagle that night. Lanterns bobbed to and fro through the darkness, searchers shouted hoarsely to one another, the mill-race was dragged, couriers dashed upto Mrs. Grove's door to report lack of progress, and that lady of finances discovered what a good, faithful, helpful husband Lem had been.

"His last wish," she told the assembled condoling matrons, "was for a reward. He wanted I should offer five hundred dollars to git him back if he ever come to disappear, poor man, and his probably lyin' in some lonely spot with a stroke, and he shouldn't have had nothin' to do with tramps, but was always that good-natured and obligin', and I'll have John Denny print the reward in the *Observer* and put up cards all over town with it on."

This pious fulfillment of last request was carried out to the letter. It required a day to set up and print the placards, so that they came out contemporaneously with an inflated edition of the *Observer* on Thursday, which carried a highly-seasoned story of the unaccountable vanishing of one of Eagle's best-known and most distinguished citizens—a gentleman of large interests and wide influence, broad mind and great accomplishments—whose loss would be felt by all.

Lem had waited forty-eight hours for this moment—in the loft of his own barn. As frequently as safety would permit, Sexton Crane had stolen in to him with news and descriptions of the furore he had caused. Lem was happy. But when the sexton appeared with a copy of the *Observer* in one hand and the placard in the other, Lem renewed his youth and would have demeaned himself with noise and lack of dignity but for the propinquity of his dwelling and of Sarah.

"Be them cards stuck up around town?" he asked beamingly.

"They be," assured the sexton, "dozens and dozens of them."

"I wish," mused Lem plaintively, "that I could git a look at one of 'em with the crowd a-standin' around it."

"You can't," growled the sexton, with an eye to the safety of his investment. "You'd be seen."

"Are they searchin for me?" demanded Lem.

"Searchin'," exclaimed the sexton with scorn. "Lem Grove, them fool people is lookin' for you under every deaf leaf in the county. Some of them must reckon you ain't no bigger'n a sparrer the places they're pokin' into. I seen Constable Higgins lookin' up the waterspout of the Baptis' church with his glass; said some powerful criminal might ha' poked you up there."

"Gosh," breathed Lem, sweetly satisfied. "When you a-goin to be found?"

"Let her simmer a bit. I hate to spile it. If I was to come out now it would bust up all the excitement, and I got public spirit, Sexton Crane, I have."

"But somebody might stumble onto you, and then what?"

This view troubled Lem a little, but the glory already had far outweighed the pos-

sibility of money reward to come. He was satisfied. However, the sexton convinced him that extreme caution was best. "I got a equity into you," said he, "and I ain't a-goin to be done out of hard-earned money."

Leaving Lem alone with the *Observer* and the placard, the sexton slunk away. Lem fastened the notice on the wall conspicuously and every time his eyes rested on it, which was not infrequently, he felt that his height had been added to and that he was as good a man as the town could boast, an equal of the banker, on a par with the justice of the peace. He felt almost that he might stand unabashed in the very presence of his wife.

The placard was a temptation. In itself it was not enough; Lem must see his neighbors standing in excited groups before it. He knew the risk, but what was five hundred dollars when set against a sight like that? He would drink it in if he were caught the next moment. He determined to make the effort next night, which was Saturday, and when the town would be full of farmers from the surrounding country, when there would be throngs to hear of and discuss the wonder.

"I'm more important right now than the President of this here U-nited States," Lem told himself, and so far as Eagle was concerned, he was right.

He took what precautions were possible. First he donned a disgraceful, dilapidated old suit which had been thrown away in a corner of the barn, then he found an old slouch hat which would pull far down over his face, and he took an extra measure which he considered absolute insurance against recognition—he wrapped a handkerchief around his face and tied it above his head as though he suffered from mumps or toothache. Thus equipped he sallied forth looking very much like a tramp.

## IV

There was a crowd in town, an unusual crowd attracted by the tragedy. It gathered before Snub Smith's grocery, it congregated on the hotel porch; it foregathered on corners and surged around inhabitants who were willing to devote their time to narration. Lem joined a group of the latter to hear what was said about him. Chet Sparling was telling the tale.

"One of our leading citizens, gentlemen. A man we were proud of and loved. Yes, sir, there wasn't a better business head nor a more farsighted feller in town. Everybody went to Lem Grove to find out how he ought to vote. He should have been sent to the legislature by this here district, he ought." There was more of it and repetitions. Lem revelled in it, he squirmed with joy and nodded his head in confirmation of the statements. Mentally he was a cat in ecstasies over a bunch of catnip of public adulation—post-mortem opinion.

"I never knew it," he told himself ruefully. "I might just as well have gone to the legislature as not. Somehow I ain't never half appreciated myself."

He flitted from group to group, attracting no attention in the general bustle and flurry. He paused before placards, he refreshed his soul.

"They suspect a tramp-lookin' feller,"



said a stranger, "and if he gits caught he'll dangle to the end of a rope."

Lem was gratified. The miscreant deserved it.

Constable Higgins made his appearance, comporting himself in stately manner as the hero of the hour should do. He condescended, he was affable, knowing, silent discreetly or wisely talkative. Clues, mysteries, suspicions, these oozed from his very pores. At intervals he drew his reading glass from his pocket and polished it conspicuously on his handkerchief.

Every strange face he scrutinized professionally. When his restless eyes perceived Lem scooting from group to group, engrossed in every word, his detective intuition gave a sharp click. He followed. Certainly Lem was a tramp-looking person, and Constable Higgins deducted at once that here was the criminal, drawn back by the inevitable attraction which emanates from the scene of the crime. In an instant his decision to apprehend the villain was made.

Stealthily he approached his quarry, nearer and nearer. At last he was within reach and with a tremulo yell he seized Lem by the arm.

"I arrest you for the murder of Lem Groce," he cried shrilly.

Lem started violently, then he knew that he was not recognized as himself, but was seen as his own slayer. Cold, crawly hands caressed his spine. He thought of ropes, of trees, and of himself dangling between sky and sward. Too terrified to disclose himself, he broke away with a squeak of terror and dashed up the street.

Constable Higgins raised the hue and cry. Giving voice, the mob gathered and roared after the flying Lem. His bulging,

fear-dilated eyes told him he was losing ground and he squealed affrightedly. "Sairy, Sairy," he cried.

Unerringly the homing instinct carried the fugitive. He flew to his dwelling and wife for sanctuary and protection. Sarah would not see him harmed. And still the mob thundered after, nearer, nearer. His breath whistled from his bursting lungs, his rheumatic muscles protested, he could hold out little longer. But home was at hand. Shrieking loudly for Sarah, he stumbled up the steps and backed against the door. The leaders of the populace were at his heels, were upon him hungrily, rejoicing in the event. As their hands clutched him, Lem raised his voice in one last, despairing shout for his wife.

Then the door opened and Sarah stood on the threshold, uncomprehending, startled. For an instant the men fell away from Lem and left him standing alone.

"We got him," shouted a voice. "He's the murderer."

"I ain't neither," panted Lem huskily. "There ain't no murder. Nobody killed Lem Groce. I'm him—I'm Lem."

His wife pushed back his hat, snatched the bandage from his face and let her arms fall weakly at her sides.

"Well, I vum, Lem Grove," she exclaimed, "what in time have you been a-doin'?"

Lem thought quickly—he was inspired. "I escaped," he said boldly. "They kept me for days and days, starvin' me, but I got away. I beat 'em."

With renewed interest the mob gathered around him to catch his story, which was marvellous indeed and worthy of commendation as a good, serviceable narration of something that never happened invented on the spot. It was hair-raising.

A little, stooping figure wormed its way to the hero's side. A shaking hand tweaked his sleeve and a rancorous voice hissed in his ear. "I'll thank you for that twenty-five, Lem Grove. You gimme it, or I'll tell on you. I'll sue you."

Lem was inspired again. "You open your peeper, Sexton Crane," he hissed fiercely, "and I'll declare you was one of them miscreants that kidnapped me. You'll dangle at the end of a rope." It was effectual.

At last he was able to escape from the ovation and find seclusion in the house. For a time he eyed Sarah apprehensively, but evidently she was without suspicion. He chuckled.

"I'm much obliged to you, Sairy, for offerin' that there reward," he said without fear. Then after a time, "You can't say I'm no good to you now, Sairy. Hain't I saved you five hundred dollars by outwittin them ruthless outlaws?" Then to himself he muttered, "I guess I'm somebody in this town now, I rather guess so—and I showed them fellows too."

He had shown them. He had gained fame, standing. He was a public character, pointed to, boasted of. Nobody laughed at him now, his past was forgotten and men sought openly for his friendship.

Lem was not without perception.

"I'll run for justice of the peace," he declared.

Which he did, and no candidate dared oppose him. His decisions are regarded as oracular; he is an ornament to the bench where his first-hand knowledge of criminals makes him doubly valuable.

Nobody would dream now of denying that he is a five-hundred-dollar man.

## India Dramas to be Shown in America

*Continued from page 48*

Hindu Academy at Daulapaper declares: "It is strictly enjoined in the religious books of the Hindus that females should not be allowed to come under any influence outside of the family. Women get sufficient moral and practical training in the households."

The headmaster of the High School at Asansol, Bengal says: "It is not wise to impart in girls by means of education tastes which they will not have an opportunity to gratify, and thus sow seeds of discontent." Mohini Mohan Bhattacharjee of Calcutta University, from which the actor, Bhaduri was graduated, says "The education of Indian women is beyond the hope of practical reform. No Hindu or Muhammedan woman of an orthodox type has ever joined a college or even read up to the higher classes in school."

So it is plain why Sisir Kumar Bhaduri, bringing Hindu plays for the first time to America, made a special effort to bring with him a company of beautiful Nautch girls so as to demonstrate what great things education can do for the youth and

beauty of India. Most of the Nautch girls coming in Bhaduri's company are from the holy city of Benares and as, off the stage, they still maintain some degree of "purdah" or "behind the veil," they cannot live at a hotel, but will be domiciled in a house leased especially for them.

The first Hindu play to be presented in New York will be "Sita" a drama taken from the epic "The Ramayana" written at least ten thousand years ago. He takes the role of the Rajah Rama Chandra. Other plays he will present are "Sakuntala," "Shah Jehan," and "Parhana" and "Nadir Shah"; all classics.

In presenting specimens of the most ancient art of India and giving the western world a glimpse of Indian culture, Bhaduri hopes that America will come better to appreciate how the age-old caste system has stood solidly in the way of Hindu culture. But caste is as old as India. When the light-skinned ancestors of the present Hindus first arrived in India they found, already there, the Dravidians, a darker, thicker-featured race, who were

the builders of the great temples in the south. The priests of the Hindus were fearful of the blood of their people being mixed with the native stock, so they declared the Dravidians "untouchable" and thus began the caste system. The law-makers placed themselves at the head of the castes, under the title of the "earthly gods"; these were the Brahmins. Then came the Kashattyra, or fighting men; then, in order the Vaisyas, or cultivators, and last of all the Sudra caste, people born to be servants of the three others. This is the system which was built tens of thousands of years ago, and is the basis on which Hindu civilization rests today.

Even in the company of players which Sisir Bhaduri is bringing to New York there will be found specimens of all castes, for his aggregation of Nautch girls, the beautiful dancers of the temples, who take an important part in all his plays, are provided with their own low caste servants who serve them and guard them in the seclusion, behind the veil, into which they retire when they are not performing.

# Under the Inspiration of "The King" Taft

*A visit to the Institution built up by Horace D. Taft where American youth has caught the real inspiration of life under the benign but firm discipline of one who has devoted an eventful career to his boys*

By B. S. JOHNSON

FOR forty years Mr. Horace D. Taft, as founder and head of Taft School, has been shaping the careers of impressionable youth. Experiencing numerous difficulties and discouragements incident to the development of a preparatory school of small beginnings, he never moved in purpose until it became an educational institution rated as one of the most important in the country.

The climax of Mr. Taft's career arrived with the announcement that he had given away the results of his life work, the Taft School property, valued at \$1,500,000, to a board of trustees, placing the institution on a non-profit basis. Since Prof. Taft gave away his school property, a committee, headed by the late ex-President William H. Taft, established an endowment fund of \$2,000,000.

Professor Taft is affectionately known to his boys as "The King." The title was acquired while "The King" was on a tour of inspection, which called for a visit to the Senior House—the privileged recreation room of his older boys.

"What is he doing there?" inquired a suspiciously disposed boy of his companion as the two saw the headmaster standing alone before the fireplace.

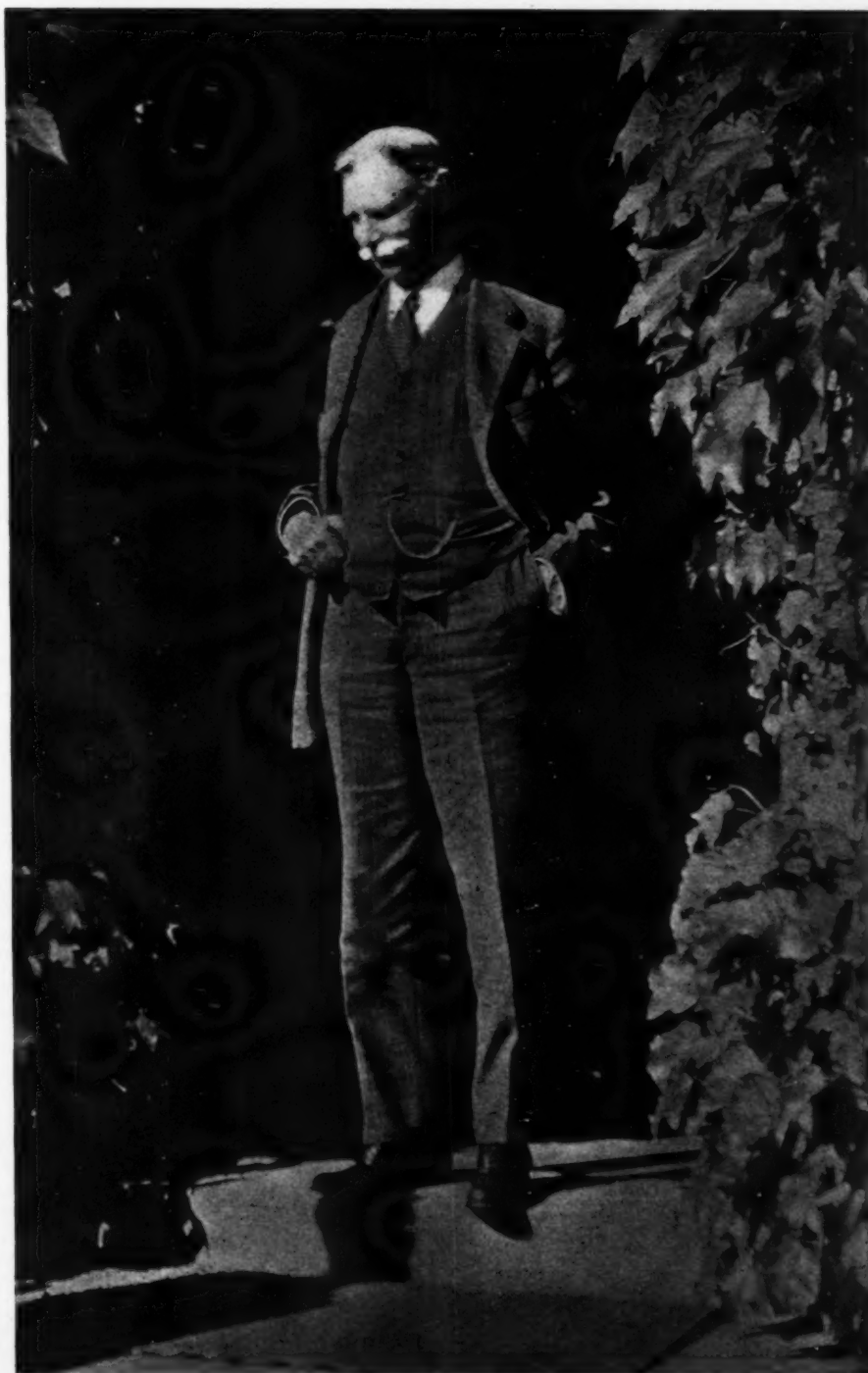
"The King can do no wrong," was the re-assuring reply—and Horace D. Taft was given a dignified nickname by his "buddies" and one which is quite expressive of their hero worship and affection.

Professor Taft is a boy's hero because he is very human and his personality devoid of all duplicity. He touches every side of a boy's nature by his versatility. He fixed this very definitely when I queried him regarding his favorite poem.

"Now you have stumped me," he said, "there is for instance, Whittier's 'Eternal Goodness' and there is Wordsworth 'Tintern Abbey.' However I could go on with a goodly number. Of course the poems touch life on such different sides. For instance, I am very fond of Burns. It would be hard to get anything farther from Whittier's 'Eternal Goodness' than Burns' poems."

"The King" governs his subjects by the impress of his personality. A boy, through the sensitive nature of the adolescent age, quickly detects the artificial from the genuine. The gripping, we-are-going-to-be-pals handshake, coupled with the magnetic eighteen-carat smile of "The King" welcomes the diffident, hesitating, homesick youngster into the kingdom and converts him into a life-long, devoted subject.

"I am quite of the opinion," he said, "that education in this matter is of vital



Dr. Horace Dutton Taft, inspirer and tutor of youth. The brother of the late William Howard Taft, who served as President and Chief Justice of the United States, has earned high distinction as one of the outstanding educators of the country, and exemplified the best associations of teacher and pupils



importance and will do more for us than anything else. I am very glad to see that the dry authorities have made up their minds to go at this work with energy and enthusiasm. On the other hand, in my judgment the prohibition law has come to stay. In spite of what we think or say in this wet section the great bulk of the country feels that it has accomplished wonders. We look around and see what it has not done. It has not closed the speakeasies. It has not stopped drinking. It has not moderated the tremendously noisy wet chorus. On the other hand, the evidence is overwhelming, in my judgment, that it has enormously reduced the amount of drinking in general the country over, that it is worth economically several billions a year, and that it has made a revolution in the slum class with which the Salvation Army and other organizations deal. Whether the wet papers and you and I agree with this or not, it is evident that millions of men, and especially women, over the larger part of the country do believe it and it is this which seems to make it certain that it will remain the law of the land even though Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut and New Jersey repeal their enforcement acts and throw the burden on the Federal Government. If I am right in this, our only way to stop corruption is to back up the government as vigorously as we can, but above all to bring this view home to people and persuade them that the drinker is responsible for the corruption. This consideration has availed with many hundreds of thousands of people over the country. I have no idea that it will avail for a long time with the leaders of society—so called. I cannot think that it will begin to avail with them till it is evident that they cannot repeal or modify the law. At present the object of their propaganda and habits is the repeal of the law, and this is their only excuse. If in ten years from now the dry majority is just as strong and it seems certain that the situation will go on forever, there must at last come a conviction to many of these men who have so much at stake in orderly government that we must all get together and wipe out the corruption by wiping out the drinking. Whether I am right in thinking that prohibition has come to stay time will tell. I should think ten years more with a three-quarters majority in both Houses ought to satisfy them.

"In the meantime, by all means let us have as much dry instruction as possible."

I have been asked why "The King" commands the dog-like loyalty of his subjects—a loyalty and devotion which parents of the boys envy and which in some instances they are unable to win from their offspring. It is simply because "The King" never rules on an elevated throne. He remains on the same level with his subjects. He converses with the boys on topics which parents either ignore from indifference or design. It may be the design of the doting father to see his son fill a niche in the world as a statesman. The son may design to grow up and operate a trolley car. The father perplexed, either evades the subject or else in a cumbersome manner antago-

nizes him by smashing the youngster's air castles.

"The King" builds with his subjects their air castles; discusses with them their most hidden, intimate hopes and ambitions; whether it be a secret, cherished wish to become the President of the United States or a motorman on a trolley car. If the subject's ambition is too low, "The King" directs and elevates his aspirations to a higher level, the process being accomplished without detection on the part of the youngster. The boy without a definite program for the future has one mapped out for him as illustrated by a boy who said:

"One day 'The King' laid his hand on my shoulder and said, 'Thomas, you are either going to be a great man or you are not going to amount to much. But you surely will never be a great man unless you concentrate on the work before you and take your mind off all other subjects. For instance, when you start into work, don't think you would like to be an engineer, if you have started out to be a lawyer.' When I started to work, I acted on this good advice and resolved to stick to the business I had chosen no matter what happened. I realized that if I left it and tried to be a lawyer, I might later be a doctor and then a farmer. I have stuck, thanks to that good advice, and have been extremely happy in the job I chose."

Mr. Taft's financial story is as interesting as his personality. The first three years of training boys at Pelham Manor, resulted in a deficit of \$3,600. Then he brought his boys to Watertown, leased an old hotel to educate them in, borrowed \$10,000 to equip the building, starting in the new situation \$13,600 on the red side of the ledger. Since that time, to use his words, "it has been steadily borrowing and paying." The paying has been from earnings. At least \$700,000—every dollar of profit made—has been used to advance "The King's" efforts in carrying out his work of training useful citizens.

Professor Taft's institution has grown from nothing, physically speaking, to a plant consisting of ninety acres of land, the main school building, constructed in 1912 at a cost of \$300,000, the annex and buildings now in the process of construction. All this has been the result of the personal management of Mr. Taft.

Until 1912 the institution was Mr. Taft's personal property. That year it was incorporated, Harley F. Roberts joining with Mr. Taft in the ownership taking one-sixth of the stock. In December, 1926, the school was re-incorporated as a non-profit-paying institution under the Connecticut law and a board of trustees replaced Messrs. Taft and Roberts in control. The property was turned over to the trustees by the former owners free from any obligation to them. Messrs. Taft and Roberts in making the gift each gave to the cause of education the results of their life work.

There were two objects in view in making this transformation of the school into an institution which could never make profits for anyone. In Mr. Taft's words:

"The first was to establish the school on a permanent basis. With private own-

ership, and especially divided ownership, the death of the headmaster would have brought about a complicated situation. Now, as I said to the trustees I may go off and die when I please.

"Our second object was to make possible the raising of money to complete the equipment of the school and to create an endowment fund to meet certain needs. A careful study of these needs, made by the trustees, demonstrated that \$2,000,000 was the minimum required to meet them."

Horace Taft believes that school time—the period of adolescence—is the time of character formation. He puts character first. It is his aim that his institution shall do its share in turning each boy into an educated man; but he lays the stronger emphasis upon the man.

It is his first concern to know his boys. It is for this reason he says: "We are not proposing to enter upon a career of expansion. Two hundred and sixty boys are quite enough. Two hundred would be better."

In establishing the personal touch in the early weeks of the new school year results in busy times for the headmaster. His days are filled to overflowing, but every evening finds him visiting the new boys in their rooms, making them feel at home and beginning the process of knowing them. No boy can forget that introduction to the gentle spirit, the great heart, the genial humor and the wise humanity, that go to make up Horace Taft.

Occasionally in the ripe fall days a little group of capering lads, at its centre a long-legged figure with a twinkling eye and magnetic smile, goes out of the school gate and up the road into the country. On a hill at the edge of a woodlot the boys build a fire, cook bacon and sausages, eat only as small boys can, and get acquainted. And "The King" talks of the things uppermost in the small boys' mind—Babe Ruth, Lindy and other favorites of the youngsters. In these informal meetings between "The King" and his willing and loyal subjects germinate the seeds of friendship that will grow sturdy and unshakable as time goes on.

The Sunday evening suppers with the headmaster and a half score of boys, followed by talk and companionship in his spacious, book-lined living room, provide further steps in the development of that intimate relationship between Mr. Taft and his boys that lasts out into the world and down the years. Those other hours when the headmaster meets a group of the older boys to discuss frankly and freely the subject of religion—in terms not of creeds but of service and life—give those young inquirers after truth not only fresh light on their thinking but a more vivid appreciation of the privilege of associating with a great soul.

"The King" has no modernistic illusions that education is possible without discipline. But his primary interest is not in the negative conception of discipline as made up of authority and retribution. He is concerned with discipline as an internal force rather than as an outward pressure. Self-discipline is what he is after for his boys, and he insists that for boys no self-discipline is possible without application



and industry. An observer has said of him: "Mr. Taft has proved himself a great headmaster. Himself a tremendous worker, he may be said to inspire his boys with industry rather than to exact it of them. There is no salvation for a boy under Mr. Taft except by hard work—and any boy who survives his tutoring is sure to have a well-trained mind. Mr. Taft sympathizes with the life of the boys on the playground as well as in the classroom and at once wins their comradeship and confidence by his geniality and large-heartedness. A judicious amount of freedom is a part of his discipline in order that a boy's life may properly grade into the greater freedom of mature years."

"Thoroughness and hard work, these are the things most needed in modern education," declared the headmaster, "the idea of the schools today, both public and private, is to make things as easy as possible for the student. With the result, most of them just walk through and are presented as ready for college when their lack of elementary knowledge is lamentable. They learn tiddledewinks and blacksmithing and housekeeping and there is, perhaps, a Latin course thrown in. But the Latin teacher knows that he must make the Latin as easy as the housekeeping if he is to interest the pupil in his part of the educational program and the result of such methods is all too apparent."

Mr. Taft also advocates special care of the gifted boys. He explained: "One great reproach to American education is that our most gifted boys are neglected. In the great majority of our institutions they are forced to travel the same course with their less gifted brothers, receiving neither stimulus nor extra training. Honor courses for these brilliant boys should be a feature of every school with high aims. Such courses take the time of masters quite out of proportion to the number of boys involved and to provide such special training a large staff of teachers is required."

"For quite a number of years we have offered twenty free scholarships, paying for these out of our earnings. This has cost about \$20,000 a year. I regard it as a splendid part of our work. It has helped the boys in every way and it is a great gratification to think of the large number of fine boys of limited means, but of exceptional character and intellectual power, who are playing their part in college or in the world in consequence of this system. There is an unlimited field for public service in this way, and if the boys are held up to the right standard the system has none of the evils connected with charitable schemes."

The industry with which Mr. Taft inspires his boys is apparent when they enter college. Their record in the entrance examinations demonstrates their training. In the past ten years Mr. Taft's boys have taken nearly 5,000 examinations set by the college entrance examination board. Only 183 of the papers were marked as failures. In the country at large the percentage of those who failed to pass the college entrance examinations was forty. Mr. Taft's boys were honored as their papers were marked 80 or above; in the country at large the percentage of those receiving a mark of

80 or above was just over 20. The record of Mr. Taft's boys in the honor grades is more than two and a half times as good as the average. Twenty per cent of the papers from Mr. Taft's boys were given grades of 90 and above, the country-wide percentage of those marked 90 and over was less than five. The percentage of Mr. Taft's boys reaching this high eminence was four times as great as that of all the schools taken together.

What Mr. Taft's boys have achieved in college is a good measure of what they have received in the Taft realm. "The King" has every reason to be proud of the records of his sons, in scholarship, in extra-curricular honors and activities, and in athletics. Forty-two of his graduates have been elected to Phi Beta Kappa, 32 of them at Yale, six at Williams, two at Princeton, one at Columbia and one at Vanderbilt. Twice Mr. Taft has been represented by the "first scholar" at Yale and once the "second scholar."

The Gordon Brown Memorial Scholarship, awarded for "intellectual ability, high manhood, capacity for leadership and service," is the most distinguished recognition of all-round ability at Yale. It has been awarded thirteen times and in that period four of Mr. Taft's boys have held it. No other school has achieved the honor more than once.

The Samuel Jackson Reid, Jr., Memorial Scholarship at Princeton, awarded to perpetuate the memory of a Princeton man killed in action in the World War—to commemorate his virility and all-round manhood by aiding men of his type to acquire the benefits of a college education has been awarded to one of Mr. Taft's boys.

Mr. Taft has supplied the Yale University Debating Association with two presidents, also a secretary and a business manager. The Thacher Memorial Fund Prize for extemporaneous debating at Yale has been won three times by Mr. Taft's boys. Another boy who was the outstanding debater in the Yale class of 1926, also translated "The Frogs" of Aristophanes and Rostand's "L'Aigle," both of which were acted by the University Dramatic Association.

Membership on the student council and similar bodies at any college is good evidence that a boy has won the respect of his fellows by character and achievement. At Williams one of Mr. Taft's boys has been chairman of the Student Council, and another has been chairman of the honor system committee, not to mention several other members of those bodies. At Harvard, Mr. Taft has been represented by a vice-president of the Student Council. The Yale Student Council has fifteen members; in the twelve years of its existence there were only two when Mr. Taft had no boys on the council. Three times there was one of Mr. Taft's boys on the council, twice there were two, four times there were three, and one year there were four of Mr. Taft's boys on it. No other school has had so good a record.

Mr. Taft has supplied four chairmen of the board of the Yale News and two managing editors; three managing editors of the Yale Record; one chairman of the "Sheff

Monthly"; and two chairmen of the Yale Courant. At Princeton the Nassau "Lit," the Nassau Herald and Pictorial have each had a representative of Mr. Taft and three of his boys have helped to get out the Daily Princetonian. One of "The King's" boys served as editor-in-chief of the Williams Record and was on the board of the Gar-goyle. Another boy was an editor of the Harvard Advocate.

Two of Mr. Taft's boys have served as president of the Yale University Musical Clubs Association, and another boy has served as manager. A representative of Mr. Taft was leader of the Yale Glee Club last year and eight of his boys were members of it. Over one hundred and fifty positions on the musical organizations at Yale have been filled by Mr. Taft's boys. One of his boys at Harvard was a member of the Freshmen Instrumental Clubs, the University Glee Club, the Poerian Sodality Orchestra, the University Band and the University Choir.

In dramatics, forty-nine of Mr. Taft's boys have been identified with Yale dramatics in the Playcraftsmen, the Zeta Psi plays of the Yale Dramatic Association. Mr. Taft has furnished a manager for the Hasty Pudding Club theatricals at Harvard and has been represented in plays given by the English department at Williams.

That the process of developing high scholarship and character is compatible with school and college athletics has been demonstrated by Mr. Taft's method of education. He insists that all of his boys spend four afternoons of each week on the athletic field unless specifically excused by the school physician or on parental request. In the major sports, Mr. Taft has had at Yale a baseball captain, a crew captain, a captain of the football team and two hockey captains. Mr. Taft's boys on four occasions have captained the Yale Freshman hockey team. At Williams another boy has led the hockey team, still another the basketball team, and a third the soccer team; and to Williams tennis Mr. Taft has furnished two captains, one a New England Intercollegiate champion. In the minor sports, Mr. Taft has had at Yale two captains of varsity wrestling teams, three of Freshmen wrestling teams; a captain of the university gun team, and a captain of the cross-country team. The record of a necessity touches only the high spots, and is impressive.

When the light of this great educational power goes out, what then? Again the personal touch, fostered by teamwork of Mr. Taft's associates, will leaven the whole and have an influence which will pass down into the decades. Mr. Taft has twenty-five associates. One has assisted him for thirty-two years, another twenty-six years and seven nearly twenty years.

As with his boys, "The King," inspires loyalty among his associates by his magnetic personal touch. Every evening after dinner "The King's" associates gather in Mr. Taft's living room for coffee, conversation and friendly intercourse. These informal meetings keep Mr. Taft's associates a united, vigorous functioning unit and instill the qualities which have made "The King" a success and will permeate the edu-

# Art Reference Library of 100,000 Pages

*Life Hobby of Joseph R. Kathrens, the eminent advertising manager, concentrated in a cultural collection of modern art in reproductions covering over a tenth of a million large pages*

FOR many years I had known Joseph R. Kathrens as a personal friend before I discovered his life hobby. He was rather diffident in talking about it in the days of active business, but I knew that something was absorbing his personal interest in the way of a collection. Later I discovered an undertaking of colossal proportions, an "Art Reference Library," the only one of its kind and proportions in the world. In his home at West Milton, Ohio, there is concentrated exhibit and reflection of the world of art. It would seem as if there was not an artist of eminence who is not represented. Not only is he given a place in this hall of fame, but specimens of his own work preserved that are priceless to him.

In order to have a real history of this colossal collection I asked Mr. Kathrens to give me a history in detail of his monumental work, and here it is in personal relation:

For almost fifty years I have been a slave to a hobby. It has followed me from Kansas to Iowa, then to Chicago, Washington, D. C., Milwaukee, San Francisco, and to New York. I have never been able to shake it off. I have never wished to be without it. It has become a part of me. I love it more now than ever. It has made life worth living and brought me more real pleasure and happiness than anything I can recall. Had I been of a restless disposition I could never have carried it to a permanent conclusion. I love to talk about it and have frequently been charged by my wife with being a bore to those who take no interest in Art, for that is my hobby. The life that is surfeited with pleasure and discontent is a deadly poison and when such a person is wealthy it becomes a weapon of a really fatal nature.

For the past eleven years I have devoted my entire time to the mounting of these art subjects gathered for years. No item was too small or trivial and no story too long, that dealt in any manner with an artist or sculptor. The result to date is an "Art reference library" of more than 100,000 pages, 13 by 18 inches, with more than five thousand artists and sculptors represented.

It is these years of vigilance and some degree of patience that have brought me both pleasure and happiness. It is no ordinary task to amass a million of anything. There must, however, be a fundamental purpose back of such a gigantic work to make it a success. But a hobby is a wonderfully luring and persuasive task-master.

As a printer's devil in a country newspaper office with access to the exchange

table I had my start. I had heard the editor of the Atchison (Kansas) *Champion*, Col. John A. Martin, afterward Governor of Kansas, say that the New York Sun was the greatest newspaper in the country, and thereafter the Sun was taken home after it had been discarded by the editor, and in my boyish way was proud to have the best paper in the country in our home. Father enjoyed it but often remarked that the type was too small for comfortable reading.



Joseph R. Kathrens

It was not long before I began gathering the items that appealed to me, and one day I decided to paste them in a book. The office had a book bindery and I used my persuasive powers to induce the bookbinder to let me bind a scrap book "all by myself." Into this book I pasted the items that appealed to my boyish fancy.

In the meantime Col. Martin sold his job printing department, and I joined the *Atchison Globe* which had just been launched by Ed. Howe. I was foreman of the Job Office and after a few years Mr. Howe promoted me to paid local writer and reporter. I was proud of the items I had written and many of these are among my early scrap books.

From that day to the present, I have cut from the public prints, material that interested me, though in these years the method and character of my clippings underwent a great change. From a boy's notion of jokes and poetry and comic pictures, my garnerings grew with my years and more serious subjects were clipped, until about 35 years ago I abandoned all for art. Up to this time

I have filled just an even hundred scrap books, of various sizes and makes. My advertising business was bringing me in contact with artists, and art subjects made a strong appeal to me. Besides I was receiving all the magazines at my home address.

It was then that I gave up gatherings of a miscellaneous nature. As advertising manager of a national product I had occasion to visit the studios in Boston and along 59th Street, New York, in quest of suitable subjects for reproduction for calendars, pictorial cards and illustrations for magazine advertising. This experience whetted my interest in art and a picture was never interesting to me unless I knew the name of the artist. As my opportunity for gathering art subjects grew, I found that all I could do at the time was to gather and box, hoping that at some time, somewhere I could begin to mount the material I was daily gathering. In the meantime a country home was built at West Milton, Ohio, for my mother-in-law and her sister, with a hope that at some future time this place, which we named Sunshine Lodge, might be the retreat where the accumulations of years might be classified and mounted.

To Sunshine Lodge a stream of magazines began pouring in; for in those days every magazine advertising solicitor insisted on having his publication go to "your home address." From my New York office I gathered continuously, and particularly those art subjects which carried from page to page, thus necessitating two copies for future mounting, to avoid "tipping in."

It was in 1921 that I decided to retire from active business, and devote all my time to mounting the vast amount of art material I had been gathering for thirty years. I was eager to begin and my first step was to remove to Sunshine Lodge. A studio was built in the back yard. The accumulation of years of magazines was in the ample third story attic, where from time to time boxes of clippings had also been sent. The next thing was to study out a method of handling this mass of material. We decided that all clippings must be classified before anything like pasting might begin. A carpenter built in the attic studio a series of receptacles 6 inches high by 15 or 20 inches. But before the classification began it was necessary to go through the years of magazine accumulation and select the material needed. Every item, article, story or illustration that carried an artist's name was carefully clipped and properly classified alphabetically. Publications that reproduced old masters, art portfolios, art journals and other sources of art material which were gathered in the second hand book shops of



Washington, Boston, New York, Chicago, Milwaukee, and San Francisco, were among the stored material. Box after box was opened, the subjects separated and properly classified. This task required more than a year of steady work, but it was a delightful work and brought to light many an interesting art story long since forgotten.

Much time was required in the proper classification of art exhibition, reviews, art sales and miscellaneous art articles. The article could only be assigned to a single artist, while perhaps a dozen were mentioned. It was then necessary to scan the story and give it to the artist most conspicuously mentioned. Art sales at the great London and New York sales galleries as reported in the New York Times and other publications were clipped and given to the artist whose painting brought the highest price.

Thus the work went on until the years of accumulations had finally been alphabetically housed. Of course, the work of gathering has never ended, as each day brought fresh publications to be gone through. This work I thoroughly enjoy and the additional subjects were, indeed, compensatory.

The next step was to decide upon a popular size paper to use in mounting, its quality and color. Stock paper suitable could not be found in the paper warehouses. A mill was found that would make manila paper as desired, a paper that would not fade or grow brittle with age and properly take the paste. These sheets were cut to 26 by 18 inches so when folded the pages were 13 by 18 inches. The next important item was that of paste. Several prepared pastes were experimented with but finally the good old flour article was used with a little blue vitrol to keep it sweet. More than a hundred gallons of paste have been used thus far.

Vividly do I recall the first article to be mounted, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema. Perhaps Sir Lawrence should be indexed under the "T's", however, he is among the chosen in the "A's". The next was Edwin A. Abbey. The first mentioned with 56 pages and Abbey with 168. Then came the Andersons, as follows: J. S. "Vet," A. A., Karl J., Carl, C. W., Victor C., Frederic, Ronald, Herold and Clarence, with a total of more than 300 pages.

One of my greatest delights, when I found a picture of the artist, was to "build" a title page. Regardless of the size of the picture, it was embellished with fancy borders taken from advertisements and suitable matter.

Nine years ago when the "A's" had been completed, the result showed more than two thousand pages with almost a hundred artists represented. In the nine intervening years much additional material has been gathered. The "B's" were more prolific, yielding more than 8000 pages with 350 artists represented. Thus the work went on from "A" to "Z."

As each letter of the alphabet was completed, so far as I had material on hand, the stack was piled in the studio, each artist's name written on a slip of paper 20 inches long to allow for a 2 inch protrusion,

and covered and protected from light and dust.

Thus far I have mounted more than 100,000 pages. It might be amusing to figure a bit. Were these pages placed end to end, flown as a pennant from the flag staff on the Woolworth building, an East wind would carry the end of the 12 inch strip more than 29 miles into New Jersey, or 213 strips from the flag staff to the sidewalk below.

When these pages are bound, and that becomes a matter of taste for the future owner, there will be somewhere in the neighborhood of 800 volumes. Perhaps a number of blank pages will be bound in for the reception of additional material. A work of this nature may be said to be without end.

After these years of devotion to a hobby or fad, I maintain that everyone who has such a propensity is freer, happier and more content than the man or woman who has nothing to absorb their surplus energy which is always more than we realize, and waste it often in indolence.

One of the most interesting phases to note in this collection of art is the progress and development of skill, as shown by the work of various artists. An instance in point: Some of the early work of Winslow Homer, including the sketches of the Lincoln inauguration in Harper's Weekly, are very crude and the drawing bad, but his talent came to his rescue in later years and today a Homer is a prize. The Metropolitan has his "The Gulf Stream," painted in Key West, Florida. His "Eight Bells" brought \$60,000, and is in the Cleveland Art Museum.

The work and writings of Joseph Pennell and his gifted wife are represented in several hundred pages. Vernon Howe Bailey, Frank Brangwyn, John Taylor Ames, Jules Guerin, E. H. Suydam are among other etchers represented.

Such a delight. He had just finished Joseph Pennell, that master etcher, writer and fighter. His many letters, articles from magazines and travel pictures are embellished with his pencil and crayon. His gifted wife, Elizabeth Pennell, is represented with several articles. The Pennell contribution shows seventeen pictures of Mr. Pennell, of Mrs. Pennell, one hundred and ninety-four items from a two inch clipping to a twenty page magazine article, and seven hundred and ninety-eight reproductions of his work. Several reviews of his biography of Whistler are in the collection.

In the early 60's and 70's when wood cuts were the means of illustrating, it seems the engraver was more interested in having his imprint than that of the delineator. A little later Timothy Cole began his remarkable series of reproduction of old masters, followed by Henry Wolf, T. Johnson and the present Howard McCormick. These artists and many others are well represented.

A large percentage of individual artists are presented with a built-up title page with pictures of the artist, and in numerous instances, autograph letters of the artist. For instance there are a dozen letters from the late Thomas Moran, all referring in

some respect to a painting in hand. It is notable that in no case has an artist used the typewriter.

In the collection we find seven Wilsons, twelve Williams and fourteen Andersons. In some instances there is but a single reproduction of an artist's work, others two or three and so on, up to eight hundred pages for a single artist, more than he has himself. Artists, like writers, seldom save copies of their work.

An artist was asked for certain reproductions of his work and his answer was the same as I have heard from many others. It was this: "I couldn't give you a thing. I have no scrap book and what is more, when I am through with a drawing, I never want to see it again. What have you of my work?" To this final interrogation he received this bit of information: "I have of your work all I could get my fingers on which includes some of your crude earlier drawings reproduced in wood cuts, then much of your later work that has been exhibited in New York galleries, together with what the critics have said. You were married during your artistic career and pictures of your wife and mention of the wedding have been preserved. Your first-born and your trip abroad, with the interviews you have given the press, and reports of your lectures at various art schools. Unfortunately publicity has been given to your domestic relations and these newspaper reports have been added to your department in my Art Collection. Your representation covers five hundred and thirty pages."

A collection of this nature has so many advantages in a Reference Library. For example: Fifty years from the administration of Herbert Hoover, it would be interesting to compare the styles of that day. They may have styles that will not admit of civet fur accent, or wood brown tones, bouffant organdies, shimmering satins, ivory satin and tulle, taffeta that is chic, lacquer red with green tucks and bows and knots. It is then we turn to the style illustrations of Reynaldo Luza, John LaGatta and other artists of the day. Fifty years from now the styles of 1930 would prove as interesting and perhaps as laughable as we now look upon the styles of fifty years back when Godey's Ladies Book and Peterson's Magazine were in vogue and reflected the hoops and tournure of that day, the funny little hats and the gorgeous manner of dressing the hair.

The Old Masters occupy a prominent place in this collection; most of their works being familiar through popular reproduction. But the added value to reproductions are the many pages of current comment, interesting stories about the artists, their peculiarities, tastes and habits. Important art sales are recorded in clippings, both at home and abroad and the prices obtained, all of which is important to the art student and as a reference library. There are hundreds of these reproduction masterpieces. In fact it would seem to be a complete who's who of the world of art, ancient and modern, with examples of their work and the history of the pictures.

# Romberg a Master of Modern Music

*The composer of the "Student Prince" is endeavoring to educate the people of the world in the appreciation of good music through the talking pictures*

**D**URING the last fifteen years Sigmund Romberg has turned out with uncanny precision scores for sixty-four musical shows, most of which have been decided hits. "Blossom Time" and "The Student Prince" which placed him in the front rank of contemporary composers of operetta, have not receded from their pristine place of flavor. Since he composed "The New Moon" and "Nina Rosa"—his two most recent works for the stage,—he has turned his attention temporarily to the field of talking pictures and has completed two more operettas for them. The production of "Viennese Nights," the first operetta ever to be written solely for the talkies, has been completed and, after a brief holiday, Mr. Romberg returned to Hollywood with the score of its successor, "Children of Dreams," tucked securely into his inside pocket.

In 1910 Romberg was a serious, scholarly youth enrolled in the Polytechnic Hochschule of Civil Engineering in Vienna. He was an exemplary student. His grades were of the highest, his teachers recall, despite the fact that his musical studies under Victor Henberger began to engross more and more of his time. Months later his professors were astounded to learn that young Romberg had deserted his blue prints for the intricacies of counterpoint. As a personality, as well as a celebrity, Sigmund Romberg and his career are interesting.

The third day following his arrival in New York he secured a position as pianist in a Manhattan orchestra. There were two struggles. First, he had to learn the fine points of the new language. Secondly, he had to master the swing of that baffling rhythm then called "ragtime." It was quite different from the more stately music which he had been accustomed to playing, but he soon became so proficient that he was made leader of the orchestra at Bustanoby's. One night, Harry Carroll jokingly asked Romberg why his orchestra didn't play some "good" rags. He mentioned several of his own compositions as illustrative of what constituted a "good" rag. Romberg replied that he, himself, could compose overnight a rag as good as any that Carroll had written, and made a wager on it. The bet was taken and the next day Romberg handed Carroll the score of a tune whimsically entitled, "A Leg O' Mutton." It was a hit—to the delight of both men. Soon another rag with the incredible name, "Some Smoke," followed.

Having proved his mastery of the art of writing rag-time, then the rage, Romberg turned out a wistful little ditty more to his own liking, "Auf Wiedersehn." It was after this that the Romberg shows began to appear on Broadway with clock-like regularity.

He is a fine figure—tall, dark-eyed and stalwart. He avoids the limelight, cares little for the glitter of social routine, and is devoted to his wife, his friends, and his music. Wagner is his favorite composer; "Tristan und Isolde," his favorite opera. For recreation, he prefers a day of



*Sigmund Romberg, a new type of musical leader*

any outdoor sport in the company of Mrs. Romberg.

His penthouse studio is furnished in the medieval Italian manner. Sunshine filtering in through the stained glass windows touches the sheen of ancient woods with mellow lustre. On a platform stands a huge pipe organ, where he does much of his work, and across from it a concert grand piano. These two instruments are connected by an electrical device so that Mr. Romberg can transfer his melody from pipe organ to pianoforte at will. Besides the piano and pipe organ he plays the trumpet, viola, cello, violin, and has a working knowledge of every instrument in the orchestra.

Several weeks ago, on the lot at Hollywood, he gave an impromptu one-man concert playing the score he had written for

every stringed instrument in a big symphony orchestra. The leader, hoping to stump him, proffered Romberg a brass horn of gargantuan proportions. Romberg accepted it and cheerfully blew out the correct blasts.

An inveterate traveller, Romberg is apt to take with him aboard train or boat a small portable piano. The score of "Viennese Nights" was polished and revised in this way on a trans-continental journey.

During an interview recently he expressed a most optimistic view of the future of good music through the medium of modern instruments, the talkie and the radio:

"I belong to the group which believes that the motion picture fans are going to accept plenty of musical plays, tolerating the music at first for the sake of the other enjoyable features of the operetta. They can't help liking the lavishness of the picture productions, the fast improving color films, and the beautiful voices we are gathering for the screen. I have found most people like to hear singing, if the singers give them something they can understand.

"It is the symphonic music that will be the hardest for the unmusical patrons to digest. But if they are exposed to it often enough they will begin to understand it and like it, too. Of course, they must be treated to it in small doses. I have schemed to this end in my work for the films."

Sigmund Romberg paused a few moments for the point of his purpose to penetrate the interviewer's understanding; then he continued, particularizing on his plan:

"In my first score for Warner Brothers, 'Viennese Nights,' I have written a symphony poem which lasts nine minutes. But Oscar Hammerstein, the librettist, has motivated the symphony so well in the story that it becomes the dramatic climax of the plot; and if the audience is interested in the story, they will want to hear this symphony which has so influenced the lives of the characters in the play. They will listen to it eagerly without realizing that they are taking in something a little more complicated than jazz. Before the symphony is played in the film, they will already have learned the principal theme through early developments in the story, and when the 90 piece orchestra starts to do things with this familiar theme, they will be surprised to discover that a symphonic poem is not the high-brow bugaboo they believed it to be.

"In our second story for Warners, I am planning to have three minutes of grand



opera. Again Mr. Hammerstein has given me a logical spot for this daring innovation. I dislike the expression, 'educating the public', but that's just what this maneuvering amounts to. I am going to give the picture public a larger dose of music in each succeeding picture. Perhaps I am optimistic, but every musician will agree that it is worth trying."

Mr. Romberg believes that the radio is another medium through which to improve the appreciation of music. "The radio listeners," he declared, "soon discovered that jazz is music of but one mood, and demanded other kinds of music on their programs. However, I think the much-maligned picture producers should receive the most praise and thanks for the renaissance of good music which their courage will bring about in this country within the next few years. They are about to rush into the American hinterland where Broadway 'angels' have feared to tread, and small-town America is to see and hear No. 1 companies of operettas from the most talented composers of the day."

His highly-tufted fingers seemed to twitch as if yearning for the piano keyboard, as he wound up the interview with an optimistic view of the talkies future:

"The resources behind the motion picture industry, and the technical elasticity of the screen offer composers of light opera a scope never to be dreamed of on the stage. In 'Viennese Nights' we used a symphony orchestra of 90, a brass band of 40, a Gypsy orchestra of 12 and a mixed chorus of 85 voices, all first rate musicians. To the composer, perhaps the most gratifying factor in writing for the screen is the knowledge that his work is to be presented by Company No. 1 all over the world, with performance bearing his personal O. K. The responsibility for the success or failure of the work then rests entirely with him."

Like the genuine musician that he is, Sigmund Romberg believes profoundly of the all-pervading influence and necessity of music in life. His own words enthusiastically support his belief:

"Is music a luxury, or is it a necessity? Isn't it true that a baby, even while in a cradle, will have his mother sing him to sleep or quiet him with song? Isn't it a fact that no joyful occasion can pass without the help of music? Did you ever hear, anywhere, even in the remotest corner of the earth, of a wedding without music? And if there should be no instruments or mechanical reproducing instruments, or musicians to be had, don't the people in that case start singing themselves to express the joyousness of the occasion? Could you imagine any church, no matter what creed or religion, without music? Is there anything more beautiful in one's life than the hymns sung in church, with all the expression of our beautiful faith behind them? We find that music is not only a necessity, but is the only link between peoples which needs no translation, and which is understood wherever people are. Music is just as necessary to us as our daily drinking water, or as the sun is to our earth."

A veritable history of modern American music is drawn in the following paragraphs taken from an article by Mr. Romberg:

Let's see what happens on Broadway and how a musical comes about. Out of fifty or sixty producers, only about ten are producers of musical plays. The other forty producers are keeping away from it as something which requires a lot of money, special knowledge, and a special set of writers—trained and tried in this game. To be a successful producer of musical shows one must have a profound love for music, love for color, love for beauty. Pride of the producer enters, also, as a most important gamble he takes by getting satisfaction in the result of his production, his cast, the size of his orchestra, and so forth.

With very rare exceptions, an average drama has a cast from six to sixteen characters, generally only one to two sets—very

on the road, he has put in at least seventy to one hundred thousand dollars, and of course, must go on—even, if necessary, spend an additional twenty or thirty thousand dollars, in order to save what he invested.

In comparing the weekly overhead between an average dramatic production and a musical production we find that whereas a drama runs from fifteen hundred dollars all the way to six or seven thousand dollars running expenses per week, a musical production will start with not less than six thousand and go as far as twenty thousand per week running expenses.

The results, of course, justify the game; where a drama, no matter how successful, cannot and does not charge, a musical production charges all the way from four dollars to six dollars top, and plays for weeks and months to such staggering grosses of thirty-five to fifty-four thousand dollars per week.

At the height of the season, we find in New York forty dramas against from twelve to fifteen musical shows. Out of the fifteen musicals only the really good ones, of course, survive.

Right at this point, let me mention that up 'till 1914 our musical drama in this country (I am allowed to say this, because anything playing on Broadway plays also on the road, and in this way directly supplies all our theatre markets, including Canada) was entirely supplied by foreign markets; mainly from Vienna, Paris, and England. Any musical show written and produced by English authors or by German or Austrian composers, such as Lehar, Fall, Oscar Straus, Eysler, were, upon production in Vienna or Berlin, as the case may be, bought by our Broadway managers for production over here.

The American author-composer was in a minority, and the few who were writing successfully had a very limited field to contend with. Victor Herbert, Hoschna, Luders and Manuel Klein were very successful at that period.

Along came the war in 1917, and we were not only cut off from our source of supply, but also from anything German or Austrian (in bad taste at that time) so our managers, in order to keep their theatres supplied, had to turn to their native writers and composers to supply the market.

Then came the renaissance of American composers. They not only supplied all our needs, but after 1921 expanded and are today supplying a world market with their productions and musical shows, being played wherever there is a theatre.

But who are the men who are writing today successfully on Broadway? Their number being so few, I can almost mention all of them here; Jerome Kern, Rudolph Friml, George Gershwin, Harry Ruby, Vincent Youmans, Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin, Jimmy McHugh, and myself (Sigmund Romberg).

The people who are writing the books are the following: Oscar Hammerstein, Otto Harbach, Anthony McGuire, Herbert Fields, Bert Kalmar, Anne Caldwell, etc.



Mrs. Sigmund Romberg, wife of the composer

seldom three or more. In a musical production, besides a huge cast, a large singing and dancing chorus—sometimes as many as eighty people in the ensemble—big orchestra, electricians, stage hands, etc., the outlay alone for a single music number in an operetta sometimes costs as much as, if not more than, the entire cost of producing an entire dramatic production. So it is obvious that the gamble one undertakes who produces musicals is in no comparison with a dramatic production; and only the few producers, trained by bitter experiences and sometimes big losses, will undertake it.

In any average dramatic production, the producer will try his show on the road for two or three weeks, and having only an outlay will in the case of misjudging his play, pocket his loss, close up and probably try another production.

Not so with the musical producer. By the time his show reaches the try-out stage

The reason I mention the above people in their respective lines is to prove that only a few men of talent and experience are writing musical shows, no matter if they are operettas or music comedies, and who can successfully, year after year, write hit shows for Broadway?

It must be obvious that a handful of picked men can only write and produce a certain amount of shows, and no more, successfully, this being the main reason why on Broadway every year, and also on the road, three-fourths of the shows are dramas and only one-fourth musical plays.

Now let's see and compare what happened in Hollywood since the beginning of the talking pictures, and since the invention of Vitaphone and Movietone made it possible to transfer sound, music, and the spoken word on the screen to an audience. In the space of a year and a half, every major studio found that in order to keep up with the times, and also to keep the theatres and circuits of theatres supplied, musicals had to be produced. The first step was to buy up from Broadway all the past and present musical shows, no matter if successes or not, in order to have them made into singing and talking movies. Price was a secondary consideration.

What followed was a mad scramble to produce in quantity, forgetting quality entirely. Time, and the factor of demand and supply being essential, anybody who could tinkle the piano or write lyrics on Broadway was signed up and put to work. This being a new field with no standard pattern, no form of portraying musicals having been invented, tried and found satisfactory, every studio had to invent its own method. And the bedlam began.

Songs, the primitive form of a musical score, were first the only thing employed. Songs on the right of me, songs on the left of me—every chance in every picture—a SONG! Stars with no voices at all were made to sing. Sing what? Songs written overnight about any subject—bathtubs, spoons, moons, flowers, shoes—any subject as long as they were songs. No picture, no matter what the subject, could go without a song being interpolated.

Successful operettas and musical comedies bought under the previously described

conditions from Broadway producers; operettas which were world hits, playing in London, Paris, Berlin, Australia, besides the United States and Canada, were being operated upon and broken down, in order to conform to movie technique. Everything was changed in a hurry, in order to satisfy the looks of a star or the mood of a director. The score which made that operetta popular and which was the essential backbone of a production changed overnight by song writers with new songs.

Did the movie producers realize the difference between a score and a song? Did any of them stop to think that score is a unit of melodies written after careful consideration, by graduation, to bring an audience into a certain mood, of frame of mind, as the book may require? Nobody knew, or cared, that in a score, a composer, from the opening note to the closing bar for two and a half hours through skillful manipulation of different tempos, with different instrumentations, through different songs, plays with an audience and sells them something so satisfactory that by the end of the evening they go out whistling his numbers and recommending the show to their friends.

Songs, of course, are also part of a score. But not even a successful song will make a bad score good; while in a cleverly manipulated score, one or two good songs written, of course, by the same composer who writes his own score, will stick out and satisfy the demand. To compare a shack with a ten-story building would be like comparing a song with a score.

But then, as I pointed out, time was pressing and songs replaced the score in the hurry to produce. So bedlam broke out again, not noticed at first, on account of the rush and the newness of the whole thing; rush to release, popular openings with lights and "what-not"—and then the result? Apathy from the movie audiences who, of course, didn't know and didn't care under what circumstances these musical pieces were gotten up. At first the sound of music, the novelty, surmounted the handicap. But the monotony of singing and dancing in the wrong place, at the wrong time, and in the wrong way, got past the mark of endurance, and people simply

refused to have anything to do with musicals.

The song writers, some of them masters in their individual art, were the first to realize that something was missing, but unfortunately, nobody else did—or wanted to listen to them. The staggering figure of two hundred or three hundred new songs per month also reached a condition impossible even to grasp, utterly impossible to sell to one's audience. The Broadway producer of musical shows who took his show on the road before bringing it to New York could change music if his author or composer were wrong, could change his cast and keep fixing up and changing until the best results were obtained, and then bring a finished production into New York.

Not so with the movie producers. Once something was recorded and photographed it had to stay, because the clamor for pictures was so great and the demand for supply so vehement that everything had to be released at once.

\* \* \*

And so the break came, came gradually until every studio realizes that the procedure is absolutely wrong, and that in order to produce a successful musical picture, different technique and different knowledge must be employed; that it is one of the hardest problems with the spoken word, that every emotion in the picture requires thought; and that only people with experience who have made it a life-study are the right people to undertake it.

And so what next?

A complete change of policy. Instead of producing forty musicals, each studio will produce three or four each year, instead of having six or seven writers, lyricists and song writers write something for the same picture, men like Jerome Kern, Oscar Straus, Rudolph Friml, Richard Rodgers and myself are composing original scores for pictures, to which the original books are made by such outstanding names as Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, Otto Harbach, Ernest Vayda, Herbert Fields, Anne Caldwell.

Will the movie audiences like this new type of work? Of course, time alone will tell. It will at least be tested by the successful writers.

## Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People

Continued from page 69

burg, S. C., but extended further into the world, I recalled the old story of the mouse trap and the fact that one properly constructed will bring the world "in a beaten path of your door."

This banker and manufacturer was born in Spartanburg in 1869, and growing up among its business men, has led an active life interwoven with the history and growth of his city. As cashier of a Savings Bank, then as President of the Central National Bank of his city, President of the Home Building and Loan Association and director of Piedmont and Northern Railroad would seem to be interests enough, but remaining is the greatest of all in his office of President and Treasurer of the Saxon Mills. Through all this he has become known to the world.

John A. Law knows cotton and that means a liberal education in itself and he knows the industry well enough to serve on the advisory board of the Cotton Textile Association and the Board of Governors of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association. In the South, cotton is the leading factor in industrial matters and since his graduation from Wofford College, Mr. Law has studied the subject in all its phases. Now serving as trustee of his Alma Mater, he must look back with satisfaction at the success that has come to him through the years.

He gave me as his favorite poem, that lovely creation by Henry Van Dyke, "God of the Open Air" from which selections are given.

Thou who hast made thy dwelling fair  
With flowers below, above with starry lights  
And set thine altars everywhere

On mountain heights  
In woodlands dim with many a dream  
In valleys bright with springs  
And on the curving capes of every stream;  
Thou who hast taken to thyself the wings  
Of morning to abide  
Upon the secret places of the sea,  
And on far islands where the tide  
Visits the beauty of untrodden shores,  
Waiting for worshippers to come to thee  
In thy great out of doors!  
To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer  
God of the Open Air.

These are the gifts I ask of thee  
Of thee, spirit serene,  
Strength for the daily task  
Courage to face the road  
Good cheer to help me bear the traveler's load,  
And for the hours of rest that come between  
An inward joy of all things heard and seen.

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# Coleman duPont's Busy Life Achievements

*His life-long penchant for constructive work has been manifested in many fields of activity—The duPont Delaware Boulevard a monument to the creative genius of the former senator from the Diamond State*

WHEN I asked a thousand persons to name five men who were prominent as public benefactors, I found the name of General T. Coleman duPont prominent in the responses—and his record of concrete achievements confirms this tribute. His work endures. His vision has proved to be that of a master builder. His accomplishments during the busy three score and seven years that have elapsed since his birth in Louisville are so numerous that even his intimate friends find their memories taxed to recite even a partial list.

From his early boyhood he has had a penchant for constructive work. Once, while very young, he persuaded his mother to permit him to build a "lean-to" to the house, a not altogether necessary adjunct; but his mother understood.

Coleman's father, Antoine Bidermann duPont, was a great grandson of Pierre Samuel duPont de Nemours, a French statesman and economist whose son established the duPont Powder Works in 1802 at Wilmington, Delaware, which has remained in the family ever since. The mother of Coleman duPont, a native of Louisville, was the daughter of Thomas C. Coleman, who came to America from Ireland in 1834 where his father operated a line of steam packets. Young Thomas C. Coleman became the owner of a fleet of steamers on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers and owned a rolling mill at Louisville.

Coleman duPont, in whose veins flowed the blood of both families, was naturally enterprising. Before he was seventeen years old he had attended the Urbana University in Ohio and entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Here the lad, specializing in mining, continued his dream of engineering; but it was in the interims by close application of self-education that young duPont prepared for his first big job. At nineteen he began his industrial career as a surveyor for the Southern Exposition held at Louisville, Kentucky. As this was the first large exposition to be electrically illuminated, thirteen acres being under roof, it provided an auspicious start for the young engineer who was to be so intimately identified with the industrial development of illumination in the succeeding four decades. From this time on, he passed few idle moments. Operating electric trolley cars as

a holiday pastime, he was given all the hard knots to solve, and soon was made engineer of the Central Coal and Iron Company. Years after, in talking with him I noticed some powder marks on his hands. These were evidences of his work in digging coal, installing machinery, shoeing mules and sinking new shafts during working hours. Becoming vice-president, he made his company one of the best known in the western Kentucky coal fields. But this was not all. He built up Central City from a small hamlet into an incorporated city of 4500 people,

electric street railway equipment, Coleman duPont was accumulating with unerring observation and information the experience that was to serve him in later years. In his thirties he helped build the large steel works at Lorain, Ohio. During the panic year of 1893 he was manager of the Tom L. Johnson plant, and in the face of severe handicaps he succeeded in making the annual earnings equal to the capital stock. When the plant was sold to a steel corporation in 1900, Coleman duPont moved to Wilmington, Delaware, where he opened a new

chapter in his great life-work. How he was able to direct so many projects always amazed his friends. He was associated with eight or ten different industrial enterprises in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, to say nothing of coal mines extending from Kentucky to Alabama. He had inherited no money, but his genius in creating business organizations earned for him a fortune, each undertaking contributing its share in a tidal wave of success. In 1902 he succeeded his great grandfather as the head of the E. I. duPont de Nemours Powder Company and re-established it with a practical vision of modern industrial conditions. When the Federal Courts ordered the dissolution of the powder companies, the duPont Company divided into three corporations. The stock was distributed to the duPont stockholders as a dividend to pay for their share of the plant's equipment and the good will of the new company. This plan was so unusual that it was pointed out as one of the factors that established public confidence and higher standards of business ethics. Under his direction the duPont company had increased from a twelve million to a two hundred million dollar corporation. When he later sold his stock as a moderate price to younger men, he reaped none of the benefits that accrued from the value enhanced by the war.

Fulfilling the dream he had long had of constructing the largest office building in the world, Coleman duPont carried the project through that has for fifteen years housed a business population of 15,000 persons, in the financial district of New York, on the largest single plot of ground on which a building is located. Aided by his marvelous memory and experience in construction, he revised the final plans of the Equitable Building on a week-end trip and



The Hon. T. Coleman duPont, industrial and civic leader

with all the modern improvements of a model growing American city. Here he played a role that he has always played—that of a constructive citizen and engineer—acting not as a mining company representative but as an enterprising resident of the town. Here it was that he came into contact with the people and developed his natural inclination for looking after others with all the courtesy and gentleness of a friend.

While producing steel rails, switches, and

saved a million dollars by eliminating a few unnecessary screws and breaking away from some of the traditions of the building trade, securing even better results for rigid and thorough construction through his practical knowledge of engineering. As if he were not busy enough, he also engaged in the erection of a model hotel for his home town of Wilmington. He purchased the Waldorf in New York, the Bellevue-Stratford in Philadelphia, the New Willard in Washington, and finally the Sherry-Netherland overlooking Central Park in New York. The Tiffan Products and the Industrial Finance Corporation, that developed the Morris Plan Banks, were at one time under his executive direction. It would seem that there is no phase of financial, industrial, or business activities on a large scale with which Coleman duPont was not familiar. His accumulative achievements in the many enterprises with which he was identified suggest the magic power of knowledge and the ability to execute.

The explanation of how Coleman duPont was able to withstand the strain of these multifarious responsibilities and remain the same congenial and courteous friend to all dates back to the early days in Kentucky when he established for himself a workable philosophy of life.

One of duPont's most fruitful fields of endeavor had to do with highways. In Kentucky he had rebuilt roads from the "slack" of the mines and pushed through many long-delayed road projects of developing the Valley Turnpike. After becoming a citizen of Delaware he decided that the condition of the highways of that state was an obstacle to its progress. Courageously he continued to crystallize his dreams of building a boulevard that would give Delaware worldwide fame. He conceived the idea during recreation days in England, when his illness compelled him to remain physically quiet, an injunction that could not check his creative mind's trip-hammer activity. His plans provided for a two-hundred-foot right-of-way permitting four-lane traffic, with a landscape area beautiful with trees and shrubbery, and with the public utility wires and pipes laid underground. Even then he foresaw the expansion of motor transportation. His plan was to build a broad boulevard, the straightest in the world, from the north to the south boundary of Delaware and present it as a gift to the state. The charter was secured, but obstacles appeared that transcended the problems of construction. When the matter of obtaining the right-of-way was begun, the land-owners held out for fabulous prices. Some of the farmers could not conceive of the incalculable benefit the road has since proven to be to the territory traversed. Undaunted, Coleman duPont proceeded to build the entire road at his own expense, making it a model of modern thoroughfares. The State Highway Department created in 1917 has carried on his plans of road building in completing a state highway system with more miles of hard service roads per capita and per square mile than any other state in the Union. Since that time no state has spent so much money on roads per capita as little Delaware. General duPont was one of the first to be

appointed to the Roads Commission. With its ceaseless streams of traffic, including thousands of motor vehicles carrying products of garden and farm direct to the New York market, this boulevard has become one of the most profitable roads in America. What a monument General duPont has built out of his dreams! It is a tribute to his engineering and constructive genius that will continue on as enduring as the Appian Way of ancient Rome. The duPont Boulevard is the outstanding feature of modern Delaware history, a monument to him that overshadows marble shafts and bronze. He had always planned to do something for the benefit of all the people for all time, something that would add to the betterment of living and the happiness of humanity. The story of the Coleman duPont Boulevard is a volume in itself. This road has been of help in making the little Diamond State shine out among the constellations of the Union.

The public service record of Coleman duPont contains more than his accomplishments in material things. His aid to education is itself enough to entitle him to the enduring affection of his fellow men.

At a national convention General duPont was a popular candidate for the vice-presidency on the Republican ticket. In 1916 his candidacy for the presidency of the United States was endorsed by a widespread businessmen's movement. He was presented as the favorite son for President in 1920 by the Delaware delegation at the Republican national convention. Although not a candidate for the office, he was appointed by his party to fill a vacancy in the Senate from Delaware, serving for a few months. He lost the election for the short term by sixty votes. Again, while not a candidate for Senator, he was drafted by his party for the re-nomination and was elected by the largest popular majority ever given a Senator in the history of Delaware. After taking his seat he managed to get things done because of his grim convictions, exercising the same cool judgment in public matters as in his private business. In 1928 he resigned from the Senate during his convalescence from a major operation, feeling that, while the operation was a success from a medical point of view, it did not permit his being regularly on the ground during the remainder of the term. While in the Senate he conducted his work on a high plane of efficiency and was counted a most useful member of that body. Although he could not personally cast his vote or participate in the discussions on the floor, I well remember the beginning of his political work on the Republican National Committee, on which he has served continuously since 1908. His cool judgment was ever as welcome as an east wind on a hot day. Over a quarter century has found him always ready to help advance the welfare of the Republican Party.

Coleman duPont's political record has been quite as picturesque and worth while as his business career—intertwined with firm and loyal friendship. No matter how busy in private affairs, he has never shirked a public responsibility. At his home in Cambridge, Maryland, on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, he continues to receive the

appreciative greetings of friends and associates. The home at Horn's Point on the eastern shore of Maryland is his favorite haunt for rest, recreation, and simple living. His steam yacht, the "Tech," is another home, where he enjoys the tang of the sea that spreads out like a beautiful panorama at Horn's Point. This yacht is named for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, which he considers one of the most important educational institutions in the country, for he believes in and supports the type of education that is directed towards preparing young men and women to deal with the actual problems of life from an industrial, social, and scientific angle. At one time president of the Technology Alumni, he has served in every campaign to increase the resources and widen the range of activities for his beloved Alma Mater. He has also given generous support to the Lincoln Memorial University where the boys and girls of three states near the scenes of his early activity are being educated. He presented his native state of Kentucky with a part of several thousand acres, including Cumberland Falls, the largest amount of undeveloped water power, except that of Niagara in the U. S., east of the Mississippi. The lack of co-operation on the part of an electric power company desirous of a permit from the Federal Government for a plant on this site has left the project unsettled. Coleman duPont was one of the first endowers of the Bronx Park zoological gardens in New York, and one of the first patrons of the American Game Protective Association. One of the early founders of the American Forester Association, he has given to his home state of Delaware the beginnings of a State Forestry Department.

It was impressive to look into the faces of the Boy Scouts, gathered at Camp Rodney on the shores of Chesapeake Bay in a camp provided by Coleman duPont, Mrs. duPont, and their son, Mr. Frank V. duPont, whose personal interest has made this the finest Boy Scout camp in the world. This beautiful camp is a memorial to the son "loved long since and lost awhile" just at the time he was blossoming into manhood.

Coleman duPont has a keen sense of humor and enjoys his jokes. As I entered the room he motioned to me to hang up my hat. The hook was of rubber and the hat would not stay up. The cigarettes offered me exploded like firecrackers. The glass from which I drank the sparkling spring water permitted the aqua to gurgle down my vest. At the table all the knives and forks seemed to fall apart like the "one-horse shay" when I tried to carve the extra helping of liver, and the charge of mutilating the cutlery was made.

Surrounding his home at Horn's Point are the flowers and the ducks and the wild game in the marshes and all the beauties of natural life which have ever invited the soul of a man who has never compromised in any plan or purpose that has to do with the helping of his fellow men.

Coleman duPont remains preeminently a builder, one who knows the glory of toil; but in all his ceaseless activities he has always exemplified the spirit of the poem that ends with the lines: "Let me live in the



# Creating an Everglades Sugarland

*Bror Dahlberg and his Sugar Industries Corporation build up a new base of supplies for Bagasse (sugar cane stalks) from which to make Celotex, the world-famous product that saves the trees in supplanting lumber*

A MAGIC transformation of a harvest scene on a sugar plantation in Cuba transplanted to a modern setting in the United States was revealed on the fertile grassy plains of the Everglades in Florida. Dotted here and there with a hummock were 25,000 acres of U. S. grown sugar cane submitting its juicy content in the new mill of the Dahlberg Sugar Industries at Clewiston. In the wide expanding fields the seventy-five caterpillar trucks hopped about the stubble, dragging away the huge wagon loads of sweet—like a train of cars—to the dumping station.

What a contrast to the rickety oxcarts and leisurely movements of the oldtime sugar plantations. The Dahlberg tractors were rivals, each making its own record, rivalling the activity of the contests of the steam shovel boys in digging the Panama Canal. It was exhilarating even to groups of interested spectators at the roadside to watch men in a field work with such efficiency and rapidity, and why not? They were paid for what they did and not for the time consumed in making motions.

A few years before I had been over this new Sugar Bowl land of Florida, then a desert waste of Everglades. Only a few stalks of cane were being grown for experimental purposes. Since then the Dahlberg Sugar Industries have extensively tested almost every variety of cane from all parts of the world. Under many tests the best cane was from the East Indies as well as the West Indies in the U. S. Sugarland.

Rapid and sturdy growth and towering stalks of cane with rich content of sugar was the answer that inspired Bror Dahlberg to make a decision far-reaching in its results to every consumer of sugar and the agricultural interests of the country. His objective was not alone growing sugar cane, it was the crushed cane fiber, the by-products of sugar mills used to make the world-famed Celotex and meet the tremendously increasing demands for his newly-created product. When he began using this waste (bagasse) from the

sugar mills of Louisiana, he was concerned only with his Celotex product. The result of establishing a factory near New Orleans was an increased demand for bagasse, which quadrupled the sugar planted acreage in the Creole state and brought back into productivity many abandoned plantations. The expansion of Celotex necessitated a strange paradox,—the by-product and waste material of former years now became the greatest incentive for the development and utilization of the Everglade empire of Florida that has already surpassed all dreams and prophecies.

While the world's attention was focussed on a real estate boom in Florida, work was begun on the sugar project in the fertile

swamps of millions of acres. Where we now looked upon growing cane and the largest cane sugar mill in the country in operation. A few years ago this was a wild waste of water and waving saw grass. A battery of tractors wallowed through these wet lands and ploughed up fields of rich brown soil, while busy shovels were building new drainage canals. The result was eleven thousand acres of sugar cane, ready for harvesting on the first day of 1930. At Clewiston, the new sugar empire city, established on the south shore of Okeechobee, the largest sugar mill in the country representing an investment of two and one half million dollars, was ready for this initial big harvest of cane in tropical America, handling four thousand tons a day on an economical, sound profitable basis.

Arriving at the Clewiston Inn, built with Celotex, a tour was made that same night to the great mill that continued on twenty-four hours a day during the grinding season. The twinkling lights and hum located this big hive of industry. Entering the towering mill with its cement floor and giant driving wheels, we saw the cane dumped into the carrier direct from the field, and carried on up for the first grinding. A veritable torrent of sugar cane juice followed down at the side. Then with machinery as necessary in its routine as day following night, Nature's sweetest product was carried aloft, boiled, cleaned and crystallized by each vigorous centrifugal force that it made it dangerous for the ladies even with abbreviated short skirts to stand near the whirring wheels.

In observing the number of processes through which the grinding of sugar passes from the raw cane to the brown sugar jute bag, ready for the refinery gives one a profound respect for that little lump of sugar so necessary for conserving the vital energy of human beings. The brown sugar made the night before was used in the coffee for breakfast. In appearance it recalled a time when brown sugar was done up in brown paper, "twenty pounds for a dollar," which is strange to say, about the price today paid by the consumer. One of



Bror Dahlberg

the few necessities that have not increased in price since the war, the reason may be explained in part by this utilization of by-products, including Celotex and the good old sorghum for flap-jacks, which has kept sugar within the range of every consumer of food despite its greatly increased cost of production.

Purchasing ninety thousand acres and laying out a program which involved an initial expenditure of twelve million dollars, the mill at Clewiston, Florida, now a town of twenty-five hundred people is followed with another mill at Canal Point calling for five thousand tons, so that the production of twenty-five thousand acres of new cane was planned to result eventually in four hundred and fifty thousands tons of raw sugar being produced in the Everglades every year.

This is the goal of the Dahlberg Sugar Cane industries in their Florida operations for developing one hundred and seventy-five thousand acres which they control in the sugar bowl country. This is not all! The Celotex Company already manufactures four hundred million square feet of structural insulating board from the residue of sugar cane (begasse) now grown in Louisiana. The sugar cane in Florida matures much quicker and bears a higher percentage of sugar. It also enables an intensified cultivation with quicker results from planting to marketing of sugar, but provides larger stalks, for bagasse. The total capacity of the mills represented harvesting 34,000 tons every day.

In Washington I found this record production of sugar cane in Florida a sensation.

The tests seem to prove that it was the richest cane ever analyzed by the United States Bureau of Chemistry. The fact that this land presented great possibilities for the production of sugar was long ago established; it was the subject of dreams by planters looking over this great level country that then defied the work of engineers.

Plunging into the problem with well-matured plans, Bror Dahlberg challenged tradition. He was convinced that the units of drainage and mole drain plows in connection with the levee and pumping system would solve many troubles and eliminate hazards and make the sugar dream of the Everglades come true. In five years of rigid tests and proof-positive experiments, Bror Dahlberg's enterprise has become the agrarian sensation of the times. It is perhaps the largest single area of soil development ever known in the country. The sawgrass plowed under and treated with potash and copper sulphate was allowed to lie fallow several months.



*Towering stalks of cane now rise where the desert waste of the Everglades lay a few years ago*

A stalk of sugar cane cut into seed bits, thirty inches long, containing three to six joints each with three eyes, is planted flat in the furrows and new cane springs as if by magic from these magic eyes. From nine to twelve months is required for maturity. The stalks only require replanting once every five years. The annual crop gathered by the caterpillar trucks, hoists and stripping machines, makes short shift of the harvest days, in the economical use of modern labor-saving equipment.

Every day during the winter, throngs of interested tourists gathered to see the work in the sugar fields and at the mill. Here was the sugar cane harvester cutting the cane. It was stripped clean at the rate of twenty tons per hour, doing the work of one hundred and fifty skilled laborers with their machetes. Four of these machines are to be used next year. This was a triumph in the recent tests made in the successful operation of the cane harvester which has been experimented on for over

fifty years. It continues twenty-four hours a day and altogether replaces three hundred men. Equipped with powerful searchlights the harvesters roar through the fields at night, cutting and stripping four hundred and eighty tons as a full day's work of twenty-four hours. W. C. Storey, engineer of the Dahlberg Industries, formerly in charge of the mechanical maintenance of the Panama Canal, has made possible the utilization of machinery for the entire process of planting, cultivating and harvesting of sugar cane.

The prediction is made that most of the cane grown in the United States will be harvested by machinery and obviate troublesome labor problems. The equipment is an achievement of Engineer Meunch who had the encouragement and direction from Mr. Dahlberg to push on to successful operation. The machine not only harvests the fields, strips the cane of leaves, but with a set of rotary brushes cleans the stalk ready for the hopper of the mill, so that it is not



necessary for human hands to even touch a stalk of cane as it passes from the field to the mill.

The only operation requiring hand labor in the growing and production of sugar is the weeding. The solution of this appeals to Bror Dahlberg as well as all other farm boys who have known the arduous work of pulling weeds in the fields. Weeds are weeds under any and all circumstances,—the age-old enemy of all cultivated products. While there are cultivators that do most of the work in the corn fields, there is a necessity of a new weeding process in the corn plantation. Depend upon Dahlberg, it will be done, and he will not say anything much about it until it is accomplished. Long ago he demonstrated the faculty of weeding out the non-essentials and driving at the essentials in the cultivation of all details in large enterprises. The lad who was self-taught in the mastering of stenography during leisure hours as an elevator boy; the man who met staggering questions for solution in the Traffic Department of the Great Northern Railway; the man who had the daring to even compete with the forests in capturing world-wide markets for his Celotex; the man who has an eye for the elimination of waste, is not to be baffled. The entire process of the planting, growing, cultivation, harvesting and production of sugar from cane fields to consumer will be mastered as completely with modern methods as was the digging of canals; where mountains were removed and the making of land and sea with the magic power of perfected mechanical processes followed the fundamentals established by Archimedes when he insisted that with proper fulcrum and lever he could lift the world.

With this same intrepid impulse, Bror Dahlberg has already lifted much of the burdens from the backs of labor and broadened the uses of sugar and even built homes and other home comforts where sugar is used, through economical production. More than that, he has wrested from waste a material that has supplemented the uses of lumber and saved millions of trees, providing additional comfort for human beings against the heat of the Tropics and the chill of the Arctics, in the myriad of products made from Celotex which has added both to the beauty and the utility of human comfort and habitation.

The achievements of Bror Dahlberg are reflected in the fearless way in which he meets problems. His address to his Florida associates in the opening days of 1930 was a courageous denial that recession in business or panics could check the irresistible tide of progress and development:

"Has it ever occurred to you that there may be a practical purpose in what we call panics and dull times? We know that there is an immutable law of recessions that sometimes take the form of financial upheavals in the rapid progress of human affairs. The chronicle of these events in the past seems to mark after recovery, a posi-



*Celotex is a remarkable by-product of this sugar cane*

tive and forward step in civilization. Under every new high pressure period indicating definite progress, reactions are a natural result to fill the void that comes between the spurts forward and the inevitable aftermath of development catching up. Human nature like Nature abhors a vacuum and when production overspeeds through invention and discoveries, there is the rush to fill the gap between increased production and consumption, that eventually leads to the wider distribution of the benefits of human comforts. Each advance means an adjustment that frees men for new occupations. In prehistoric times, the mass people were all concerned in gaining food for existence, with little thought of raiment. When the women assumed the burdens of the household, the men left to fish and hunt and explore far afield.

"We must look upon slack times as inevitable to the program of development and be thankful that the shock and disruption in each succeeding jolt is absorbed in the smoother roads that follow the construction period of the new highways of Prosperity. In the panic of '93 that people living can now recall there was actual want and suffering, and money disappeared like a mist before a sun that promised a speedy return of

'good times.' In the disturbance of 1907 the call rate went up to 100% and yet no money was available. In the stock crash of 1929 the rate on money fell from 10% to 5% and business continued on its own momentum. Payrolls were fortified, bringing out the building programs and construction work by the government, cities and corporations that will help bridge over in many directions whatever pending inactivity remains. The dominant idea of these later highly organized times in this country is to keep payrolls going for American workingmen who are making things to sell to other working men all over the world. Invention and exploration genius is encouraged more than ever to go forward and build up ever greater industrial and agrarian production that will more than replace those doomed to pass in the regular order of an era of magical progress."

Every day marks something new in Dahlberg developments. The enthusiasm of the leader seems to permeate all the widely varied activities associated with the name Celotex which has come to represent a new industry. The wide-awake personnel of the organization reflect in their routine work the vision and plans of Bror Dahlberg which have come to full fruition in logical and practical sequence.

# Col. "Bill" Easterwood, Crusader of Aviation

*The man who made possible the epoch-making flight of Coste and Bellonte with his time and money. His enthusiasm and activity have earned for him the title of "The Sir Thomas Lipton of Aviation in America"*

AVIATION, the American Legion, and crippled children are the three hobbies of Colonel "Bill" Easterwood of Dallas, Texas. His benevolence bestowed on maimed childhood has been outstanding. His important role in the affairs of the American Legion has been attested to by the honors heaped upon him by that body, the most recent being the honor of leading the air parade of the Legion in Boston on October 7, 1930. But his third hobby—aviation—has so absorbed his interest that he almost lives and breathes aviation.

The name of Easterwood has lately loomed large in the public limelight. When the French flyers, Coste and Bellonte, swooped down in their "Question Mark" on Curtiss Field in New York after the direct and courageous flight from Le Bourget in Paris, the American people were especially happy in the thought that one of their number, a Texan by birth, shared the glory of the flight. If anyone asked who this man was, the answer came in jubilant choruses resounding throughout the French nation: "Vive Coste! Vive Bellonte! Vive Easterwood!"

Epoch-making as the flight was, priceless as it was in cementing happy relations between America and France, it would not have been accomplished without the perseverance and assistance of Colonel "Bill" Easterwood. For several months he had worked in Europe encouraging the attempt. He had seen Ambassador Edge and the French Air Minister, M. Laurent Eynac, who had approved of the Easterwood plans. Then he announced his prize of \$25,000 to anyone who should fly from Paris to New York, and thence to Dallas, Texas. When he found Dieudonne Coste, the French airman had practically abandoned his plans of a flight to New York, contemplating instead a flight to Moscow. Discouragement followed discouragement. "Bill" Easterwood persisted, arranged a series of meetings with Coste, and finally, on August 1, at the fifth meeting, Coste and Bellonte signed the papers. Further discouragements were doomed to follow. Almost every day from August 1 to August 15 was marred by rain. Conditions over

the ocean were described as "very bad." Coste, feverish to start, became disheartened and one day spoke thus to Colonel Easterwood: "Mon Colonel, it is of no use. I do not think the sun will ever shine again. I am weary of waiting and hoping. Let us abandon the flight for this year." But the Texan, characteristically optimistic, cheerily replied: "Captain Coste, I have a presentiment—what we call a 'hunch' in my country—that you will succeed. The break in the weather is sure to come sometime. So buck up. You have a marvellous plane, and you are the man to fly it."

Colonel "Bill" Easterwood's predictions came true. Favorable weather conditions prevailed, and Coste and Bellonte pointed

When he returned to Paris a few days later, Colonel Easterwood was welcomed by thousands of Frenchmen at Le Bourget, who shouted in mighty choruses "Vive Easterwood!" The Colonel delights in telling of a very trying experience he underwent at the time. Soon after he landed at the field, a Frenchman rushed up to him, embraced him around the neck, and—of all things!—kissed him right on the cheek! The Frenchman who was guilty of this unheard-of exhibition performed thus following the address of M. Couche, Permanent Undersecretary of State for Air, who had said in part to Colonel Easterwood: "You have done more to cement friendly relations between France and America than any man since the great Lindbergh. We are proud and honored to have you in our midst."

\* \* \*

His sponsorship of the Paris to New York to Dallas flight is only one milestone in the vibrant career in aviation of Colonel "Bill." He has posted other prizes, one of \$25,000 for a Rome to Dallas flight and another of \$50,000 for a Dallas to Hong Kong flight, although neither of these prizes has yet been claimed. He is considering the establishment of a Chair of Aeronautics at the Southern Methodist University, in Texas. Within the past few years he has been instrumental in securing the building of airports or landing fields in at least one-third of the towns in Texas, and the printing of names on roofs as guide-posts for aviators in many other towns and cities having airport landings.

\* \* \*

What will perhaps result in being one of the most important acts of his career, his establishment of the permanent Franco-American Challenge Cup, is comparable in aviation to America's Cup in yachting and the Davis Cup in tennis. This Easterwood Cup is of silver and cost \$15,000. The cup's value is annually enhanced by the addition of a diamond. There are three prizes given yearly, of \$1000, \$750 and \$500. At the competitions at Strasbourg this year Le Brix, the famous French flyer formerly associated with Coste, won the cup. Sev-



*The Colonels Lindbergh and Easterwood, good friends and enthusiastic fliers*

the nose of their plane toward the North American continent and disappeared into the clouds. The flight was on! At this time Colonel Easterwood happened to be in Edinburgh, Scotland. Upon learning the news, he rushed to the Edinburgh "Evening News" and in the offices there sat through thirty-six hours, impatiently reading the ticker tape that brought the latest news of the flyers and drinking innumerable cups of black coffee to stave off sleep. At last he read that Coste and Bellonte had landed in New York. The sponsor of the flight thereupon gave forth a blood-curdling war whoop that startled the staid Scotchmen about, and then virtually somnambulated back to his bed in the hotel.



eral nations are expected to send representatives to the tournament in 1931.

William Edward Easterwood, Jr., was born in Wills Point, Texas, on November 5, 1883. During his early years he worked as a newsboy, one of his proudest recollections. When he was once asked where he was educated, he replied: "Wills Point and the University of Hard Knocks, which, after all, is the best education one can get."

While the World War was being waged "Bill" Easterwood joined the United States Marines as a buck private and by the end of the war he had been raised to the rank of captain in recognition of efficient service. It was there in France that he found the first inspiration for his later activities in aviation, for he realized the important role of the airplane at that time and especially in the future, both as a defensive and an offensive weapon.

The second source of his passion for aviation was the death of his brother, Lieutenant Jesse L. Easterwood, a holder of the Naval Cross, who lost his life in June, 1919, in government flying service in Panama. "Bill" was determined to take up aviation and to carry on his brother's love for aviation.

From this time on Colonel Easterwood labored loyally on behalf of aviation. He toured the country to promote interest in aviation, and toured lands in all parts of the globe. Hitting upon the plan of encouraging flying through money prizes, he established awards for three flights. On February 20, 1929, he held a forty-five min-

ute interview with Mussolini during which the Premier endorsed the idea of a Rome to Dallas flight for the \$25,000 prize, and, incidentally, provided the Colonel planes for his travels in Italy. His endorsement was made in these words: "Colonel, I am going to approve your Rome-New York-Dallas flight and throw it open to the world and make it an international flight. If my country makes—it will bring my country closer to your country."

The \$50,000 prize for the Hong Kong to Dallas flight has not yet been won. In August, 1927, Captain William P. Erwin an intimate friend of Colonel "Bill", flew on the first leg of the journey from Dallas to San Francisco, where he turned off his course to look for the Dole flyers who had been lost in the Pacific, only to meet death himself. This telegram—his last—is full of a noble spirit that typifies the intrepid airman:

*Alameda, Cal., Aug. 19, 1927—Colonel W. E. Easterwood—Thank you for your generous offer. If my comrades have been found by the time I reach Honolulu I will make the attempt. Otherwise I will continue in my search for them. Best regards,*  
BILL ERWIN."

As would be expected of a man who has been so closely associated with the history of aviation since the war, Colonel Easterwood entertains numerous and striking ideas on aviation, a subject he never seems to tire talking about. He believes that only the "surface has been scratched" in the

aviation industry, and insists that flying may be made safe, declaring that "Aviation will be safer than railroads, steamships and automobiles, if the following causes for danger are eliminated: stunting in the air, defective airplanes, inexperienced pilots, pilots found to be drinking, and unfavorable weather conditions." He possesses statistics to prove that more people are injured in bathtub and floor rug accidents than in airplane accidents. He believes that ocean flights are valuable in bettering international friendship, but he is a sturdy advocate of preparedness. In his leaflet "What Future Aviation Means to This Country" he points to the folly of America's failure to equip herself adequately for defense in the air. Practically every country in the world, he declared, even China and Egypt, is making air preparations, and in future wars the air forces will play a vital part and the army and navy an insignificant part. Airplanes could fly to the enemy countries, destroy the cities, and return home over-night. Aviation, the Colonel believes, is a matter not so much of transportation as of the "situation of this country in defense."

Predictions as to the future in aviation are often striking, some seeming incredible except in view of the accomplishments of this scientific age. Colonel Easterwood sees the time when planes will be built carrying three or four thousand passengers and capable of traveling 1000 miles an hour. Future planes, he predicts, will be rudderless, the wings performing the function of the rudder—a step that is already being taken. He also foresees the abandonment of lighter-than-air machines. Having long envisioned regular trans-Atlantic service, he has seen its progress hastened by his own activity, especially in the Coste-Bellonte flight.

The first part of October is a busy period for Colonel Easterwood. On Sunday, the fifth day of the month, he addressed a large gathering in Boston on the subject of aviation and its international importance. Two days later came the mammoth parade of the American Legion, the aerial section of which he is to lead. On the sixteenth he will present the \$25,000 check to Coste and Bellonte at the Advertising Club on Park Avenue in New York. A specially designed check has been prepared for this occasion, showing vignettes of the Eiffel Tower in Paris, and the French flag. The Atlantic Ocean with the "Question Mark" in flight over the vast expanses, the Statue of Liberty and the sky-line of New York with the American flag, followed by a silhouette of the skyscrapers of Dallas over which they flew triumphant, the "Lone Star" flag of Texas—the beloved native state of Colonel Easterwood, and the terminus of this epochal flight.

As a man, Colonel "Bill" Easterwood is charming. His love for aviation is that of a crusader. His friendship with many of the leading figures of the world does not prevent his friendliness with the lesser folk of the world. His humanness and buoyant personality seem to draw



Colonel "Bill" Easterwood with Maurice Bellonte and Dieudonne Coste at Le Bourget field, previous to the epoch-making flight

hearers naturally around him, while he radiates an enthusiasm that is seldom met with. While his optimism appears to be a perpetual part of him, he can suddenly grow serious, especially when the problem of preparedness is mentioned.

Wherever he goes Colonel Easterwood flies in his airplane, utilizing the railway system as infrequently as his intimate friend, Colonel Lindbergh. Nevertheless, "Bill" sometimes takes a brisk walk, just for the exercise.

In his home city of Dallas, Texas, one of his great hobbies, Colonel Easterwood is the Official Greeter, although he is usually traveling in other parts of the world six months out of twelve. Dallas has benefited from the many activities of the Colonel as a civic leader, as a philanthropist, and as a leader in the field of aviation. The Paris-New York-Dallas flight brought no little notice to the Texan city. As has been said many times, Colonel Easterwood has helped put Dallas and Texas on the map of the world. If his love for Texas is exceeded, it is by his love for the city of Dallas.

The Lone Star State of Texas and the city of Dallas are planning to give a real homecoming reception to Colonel Easterwood, in recognition of his having made possible an achievement that ranks with Lindbergh's epochal flight. After the ovation given him in Boston, New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, the sponsor of the first European flight to an interior city longs to share the glory with his fellow-citizens, exemplifying the "Spirit of Texas." From all parts of the state and the nation at large have come letters and articles appreciating the loyalty of this Texas Ranger. The Dallas Chamber of Commerce sent on a handsomely engrossed resolution to be recorded on the official records:

*"Therefore, be it resolved by the Dallas Chamber of Commerce that we extend to Colonel Easterwood this expression of our deep appreciation for his generous, persistent and constructive efforts in encouraging the rapid development of aviation and for having made it possible for Dallas and Texas to reap the tremendous benefits derived from the Paris-New York-Dallas flight of Coste and Bellonte."*

Honors have been heaped upon him as he speeds by on life's highway. The Easterwood Field at Mineral Wells, Texas, has been named for him—a rare honor to a living person. He has been voted the most useful citizen of Dallas by the American Legion of that city. He was presented by the Rockwell Legionnaires as having done most for the American Legion, and has often been called "The Sir Thomas Lipton of Aviation in America." He is a Colonel on the Staff of Governor Dillon of New Mexico, a Colonel on the Staff of Governor Coahuila of old Mexico, and a Lieutenant Colonel on the Staff of Governor Dan Moody of Texas. He is Chairman of the Aeronautics Committee of the Department of Texas, and was chosen to lead the air parade of the American Legion on October 7 in Boston. When presented with a cup by the American Air Cadets, he was described as the man "who has done

more for civil aviation than any other man in the United States." Especially proud is he of the fact that he has been commissioned as a Texas Ranger by Governor Dan Moody—a distinction that renders him immune from arrest by the local sheriff in Texas should he be obliged to land in a farmer's field. Although he has loving cups, honors, and titles in abundance, he is always known as "Bill", or "Colonel Bill" to the more formal, never as "William."

When Colonel Easterwood arrived in Boston, he was met by a battery of newspaper photographers and was given a hearty greeting by his buddies. There seemed to be a special countersign when he met his buddies of the Marine Corps. He wore the overseas cap adorned with mementos presented him by Mussolini, King Alfonso of Spain, the Air Minister of France, and other distinguished persons of Europe. He was just able to enlist for the World War, being within a few days of the age limit, insisting with the spirit of a Texas Ranger on his last right to volunteer. Quartered at the same hotel with General Pershing, Colonel Easterwood was very much in demand.

There were many state delegations who insisted upon his being a candidate for National Commander of the American Legion, but the Colonel declined, saying he was first, last, and all the time for aviation.

A few hours after his arrival he found

himself rushed away to the historic church in Dorchester at Codman Square, where they were having a rally Sunday. He was given a rousing greeting by the large congregation that had assembled in the spacious auditorium of this house of worship, which has been used every Sunday for over a century. The trumpeters were there and the leader led in stirring songs in which the Legionnaires in full uniform and shining helmets joined. Greetings were given by Major Charles T. Harding, representing Mayor Curley of the City of Boston, and Major Charles F. Mains of Old Dorchester Post No. 65 of the American Legion. The Colonel was also greeted by a representative of Governor Allen. The congregation defied the puritanical traditions of the house of worship and gave Colonel Easterwood a hearty round of applause as he marched down the aisle with the pastor, the Reverend Vaughn Dabney. The Girl Scout escort assisted in this notable Tercentenary rally day service, in which Colonel William E. Easterwood, Jr., was the hero of the hour. His address was a stirring appeal for patriotism and a most graphic presentation of America's place in aviation. His tribute to his friends, Colonel Lindbergh and Commander Byrd, was most impressive.

The address was peculiarly appropriate for the Tercentenary service, for we vividly envisioned the future of the national defence in the air. The recital of his experiences in arranging for the Paris-New York-

*Continued on page 73*



*Courtesy of "Advertising Club News"*  
Coste and Bellonte being welcomed at the Advertising Club of New York upon their arrival



# Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

*An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories*

## SENATOR SAMUEL MORGAN SHORT- RIDGE

*The United States Senator from the Golden State repeats Hamlet's Soliloquy most Effectively and Eloquent as His Heart Throb*

Standing before the open door of the United States Senate during the closing hours of the seventieth Congress, I met Senator Samuel Morgan Shortridge of California. The crowd was pushing about, but that did not interfere with a thrilling dramatic recital of his heart throb. The tall form of the Senator swayed, as with his pince-nez he gave emphasis to the lines.

"There is one poem that stands out above all others with me. We are not often inclined to think of Shakespeare as a poet, because we refer to his work as 'Shakespeare's Plays,' although we call him 'The Bard of Avon,' but to me over and over again come the lines of Hamlet's 'Soliloquy.'"

With this brief introduction he repeated the lines as I have never heard them before from the lips of any actor:

To be, or not to be,—that is the question—  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take up arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die,—to  
sleep,—  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heartache and the thousand natural  
shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die,—to sleep;—  
To sleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's  
the rub;  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may  
come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause; there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the ships and scorns of  
time,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-  
tumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,—  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourne  
No traveler returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
And thus conscience does make cowards of us  
all;  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action.

His mellow voice was a sharp contrast to the rasping tones of Senator Walsh, which came through the door, discussing the National Park bill.

"I always keep a copy of Shakespeare and the Bible at my bedside and always read a bit before I retire, no matter how late or early that may be. Last night I returned from the Senate Chamber at 2 A. M. after a long wearisome day, and I opened my Shakespeare, as was my wont, and what do you think it revealed? It was 'Much Ado about Nothing,' and I smiled as I mused 'How appropriate.' Yes, I studied to be an actor and my engagement consisted of one consecutive night. I appeared as Hamlet and never can forget the lines associated with that fleeting hour of ambitious purpose. They said I too tall and ungainly for the melancholy Dane, so here I am a mere Senator with one great life's ambition unfilled."

Samuel Morgan Shortridge was born in Mt. Pleasant, Iowa, the son of a minister. He was educated in the high school at San Jose and admitted to the bar in 1884. His first election to the Senate occurred in 1921 and few men have more ably represented their states than the genial and capable Senator who still clings to his love of Shakespeare as a real heart throb, which is often reflected in his speeches on the floor of the Senate.

\* \* \*

## EARL CORDER SAMS

*The President of the J. C. Penney Company marks up "A Living Sermon" as a valuable heart throb and life inspiration*

Having seen Mr. Earl Sams in action in his office, on the road and in the preparation and delivery of a speech, I could understand why this Kansas boy has made his way to the top as a merchant. He knows first of all the human equation.

He was one of the early partners of J. C. Penny and has helped to perfect one of the most remarkable mercantile organizations in the country. In spite of his busy activities he has found time for civic responsibilities and presented an auditorium to the Wesleyan University at Salina, Kansas in memory of his father and mother.

In all the mass of papers that passes over his desk, I found an anonymous poem entitled "A Living Sermon." The author is unknown, but there it was, on his desk, having been recopied many times to give to friends who were looking for a bit of verse.

"While this may not be poetry in the strict sense of the word, I have derived from it an inspiration many times," said Mr. Sams. "Those verses have left an indelible impression upon me of enduring significance."

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any day;  
I'd rather one would walk with me than  
merely show the way.

The eye is a better pupil and more willing than  
the ear;

Fine counsel is confusing but example's  
always clear;  
And the best of all the preachers are the men  
who live their creeds,

For to see good put in action is what every-  
body needs.

I can learn to do it if you let me see it done;  
I can watch your hands in action and your  
tongue too fast may run;

And the lectures you deliver may be very wise  
and true,

But I'd rather get my lesson by observing  
what you do;

For I may misunderstand you and the high  
advice you give,

But there's no misunderstanding how you act  
and how you live.

When I see an act of kindness I am eager to be  
kind;

When a weaker brother stumbles and a  
stronger stays behind

Just to see if he can help him, then the wish  
grows strong in me

To become as big and thoughtful as I know  
that friend to be.

And all travelers can witness that the best of  
guides today

Is not the one that tells them but the one  
that shows the way.

One good man teaches many me nto believe  
what they behold;

One deed of kindness noticed is worth forty  
that are told;

Who stands with men of honor learns to hold  
his honor dear,

For right living speaks a language that to  
everyone is clear;

Though an able speaker charms me with his  
eloquence, I say;

I'd rather see a sermon than hear one any  
day.

In organizing and looking after one thousand stores scattered in all sections of the country, Earl Sams has been the aggressive and able lieutenant who has evolved a new and revolutionary method of merchandising which exemplifies the philosophy of his favorite poem.

\* \* \*

## JOHN ADGER LAW

*The banker and manufacturer of South Carolina gives as his favorite the beautiful poem of Henry Van Dyke "God of the Open Air"*

Thinking of John Adger Law and his activities that have centered in Spartan-

*Continued on page 60*

# Plupy Delivers an Opinion on Clubs

*In well-chosen (if sometimes ill-spelt) words a real boy pokes fun at those of us who partake of that typically American weakness—joining clubs*

By JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE

A CLUB is a thing which polisemen use to hit fellers over the head with which havent done nothin' at all, so that when they have nocked them insensibleless they can arrest them for obstructing the sidewalk. Then the nex day when they is in the polise court they don't remember where they wuz the day before and the judge thinks they must have been drunk and sends them up for six months for being drunk with big dents in their head where they has been hit.

They is 2 kinds of them clubs, day clubs which is made of leather with iron on the inside, and nite clubs which is made of hard wood with led on the inside. Nite clubs is twice as long as day clubs, and you can reach twice as fur with them and hit four times as hard. They use them nites becaus people can't see them hit fellers as well as in the day time, and if they nock a mans head clean off they can say they has been attacked by a crowd of ruffs and had to fite for their lives. If a poliseman hits a man in the day-time with a nite club, it don't count, and if he hits him in the nite with a day club, it don't count neether, except to the feller which gets hit.

That ain't the kind of clubs I mean to rite about. Then they is the clubs which people play cards with which looks like three leaved clover. And that ain't the kind eether, but when a feller gets hit with clubs of that kind he says damitall take the pot, and then he goes home swaring all the way and his daughter can't take music lessons that winter.



"A club is a thing which polisemen use to hit fellers over the head with which havent done nothin' at all."

Then there is the kind of clubs which they use at donnybrook fair which has thorns in them like the tommyhawk that old Powhatan hit old John Smith with, only he didn't hit him. They is very crewel clubs. I haven't never seen one but I have herd of them. They is called blackthorn and is used in Ireland. They ain't the kind eether.

The kind I meen is places where fellers get together to have a good time when their wives don't know it. Sumtimes there wives finds it out and then the feller don't have so good a time and sometimes can't go again except when his wife goes to prair meeting or the meeting of the W. C. T. U. or sewing circle.

CLUBS is Made of different purposes. Sumtimes it is to see whether Mike Twin Sullivan can lick Danny the Kid, and sumtimes it is political clubs which tries to see whether everybody can lick everybody else. They plays tricks on each other, specially in Boston and in Seabrook, New Hampshire, and in Yonkers, New York, and in other great cities. And sumtimes it is clubs to see which feller can skin the cat or do the mussel grind or put up the biggest dumbbel the eesiest, and sumtimes it is clubs which is interested in natural history like the Elks and the Eagles and the Tarriers. I know a feller whose father belongs to all three of them clubs and after he has went on a trip with them he sees things in the nite, all kinds of things, blue rats with red tails and monkeys with pink mother hubbards on and green snakes, and toads and lizzards and such things.

Then there is baseball clubs which is the best only sumtimes fellers can lose more money if they bet on games than the card clubs.

Sumtimes a feller which has went to a club comes home with a nother man's hat on which is too tite. It is jest like his hat and sumtimes has his naim on it, but it aint his because it is to auful tite for him. It ain't never too big, but by and by it gits so he can ware it, and then he tells his wife that the feller which took his hat found it three sizes too big for him and brought it back.

IF a feller wants to know everybody and be popular and get all the offices he has got to belong to all the clubs he can. Of course, they is some clubs that don't get along very well together like the Tarriers

and the First Presbyterian Club and a feller can't belong to both very well. Sumtimes a deekon of the First Presbyterian Church will belong to the Tarriers Club becaus Deekons can do most everything if they



ain't found out. When they is found out the newspapers say a nother good man has went rong and has lived a double life, and the poor deekon has to ketch it.

Then they is the fat man's club which nobody can get into unless he was 328 pounds, and the lean man's club which nobody can get into if he ways more than 72 pounds, and 10 ounces which don't give much chance for a man which has lived a uprite life.

Then they is the suicide club which don't last very long becaus everybody kills themselves pretty soon and not half soon enough if they is fools enuf to belong to such clubs.

Then they is the Nites of King Arthur and the Christian Endeavor Clubs, which is chirch clubs, to, and can't belong to the Tarriers Club or play brige whist for money becaus that ain't what they is cracked up to be. Sumtimes they backslides and they makes the worse kind of brige whisters or Tarriers. A feller which has been good once and has back slid is worse than a feller which ain't never been good.

I new a minister's son once which was a pretty bad feller. He said he had to be to make up for going to chirch twice on Sunday and Sunday School to and Friday evening prair meeting once a week. It is not best to try to be to good in this wirlid unless you can hold your grip.



# HITTING THE HIGH SPOTS

with NIXON WATERMAN

## *The Reward of Frankness*

There was no one at his funeral  
Because, from early youth,  
He had made it a plan, had this candid man,  
To tell his friends the truth.

## *By Hickory!*

When everything seems "up a stump"  
And fortune is "agin" you,  
Don't pine; spruce up and show the world  
You've got good timber in you.

## *Canned Wrath*

He does not swear and have wild fits—  
Our rector—as do many men—  
When he tops a lie, but where he spits,  
The green grass never grows again.

## *The World's Best Loser*

Sir Thomas returns to his native shore  
And is leaving the cup with us once more,  
But, oh, if our wishes had all come true  
He'd be taking the old cup with him, too.

## *The Point of View*

Fair California declares her quakes  
Are only "tremors," and "no great shakes,"  
While a Florida hurricane, so one sees,  
To her people, is only a nice, stiff breeze.

## *The Near Christian*

An ardent Sunday golfer he  
Leaves Lord's Day duties in the lurch;  
But still he's very glad to see  
His wife and children go to church.

## *The Two-Minute Shave*

They'll keep improving shaving soaps for men  
Till all we'll have to do will be—my brother—  
To rub on something with one hand and then  
Just wipe away our whiskers with the other.

## *As the Freshmen Assemble*

"One man," we're told, "can lead a horse to water  
But twenty-thousand cannot make him drink."  
It isn't hard to lead a boy to college  
But ten professors cannot make him think.

## *Poor Folks are Exempt*

Now, while the ragweed, fair but sad deceiver,  
Fringes our highways for full many a mile,  
Folks who are rich enough, contract hay fever,  
And rollic o'er the mountains for a while.

## *Autumnal Yearnings*

About this time, when biting Jack Frost brings  
His warnings, then the average man recalls  
He'd like to spend his Winters at the Springs,  
And, likewise, all his summers at the Falls.

## *No. We Have Not!*

Of all the griefs that Autumn brings,  
The one we most regret,  
Is the bore who this reminder springs:  
"Have you put your coal in yet?"

## *With Little More Than Chiff-on*

Full soon our girls, mid wintry swirls,  
Will gallop through the snow  
With furs and furbelows above,  
But no furbelows below.

## *The Best-Loser's Prize*

May Sir Thomas's loving-cup be filled  
With pleasure to the brim,  
Till some Yankee loses the race six times  
And takes it away from him.

## *The Summer-Girl's Skin Game*

Now that she's back again in town,  
With the sizzling days of summer gone,  
She is spending a lot to remove the brown  
It cost her a fortune to put on.

## *Study With a Kick in It*

Now the football-playing college boy,  
His lesson lightly skims:  
He cuts the higher branches while  
He booms his lower limbs.

## *Volumes of Beauty*

The happiest season of the year,  
So the outdoor fan believes,  
To study the book of nature is  
While Autumn turns the leaves.

## *Bifocal Bliss*

They whose affection warm and keen  
Has made them wondrous lover-wise,  
Know heaven on earth cannot be seen  
Excepting through two pairs of eyes.

## *The Leading Editorial*

In typing it's fine to make keys fly  
But the words that will longest linger  
Are the ones some old newspaper guy  
Pounds out with just one finger.

## *Good Times Coming*

When the prices the farmers are getting for grain  
Shall be moved, up say three times as high,  
They will jocundly follow their plow-teams again  
As they sing: "In This Wheat Buy and Buy."

## *Hard To Pull 'Em Down*

Though Paris tells America short skirts have got to go,  
Unless the change of fashion here grows stronger,  
Our girls in lengthening their skirts will be so very slow,  
They'll wear them somewhat shorter somewhat longer.



## Tickleweed and Feathers



Staunch Captain: "Now then, my hearties, fight like heroes till your powder's gone—then run! On account of this rheumatism in my leg I'll have to start now."

—Brown Judge.

"I'm going to the hospital tomorrow for an operation."  
"Good luck to you. I hope everything comes out all right."

—American Mutual Magazine.

"Why is Jones looking for a cashier, he only hired one last week."  
"That's the one he is looking for."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

An old lady walked into the judge's office.

"Are you the judge of Reprobates?" she inquired.

"I am the judge of Probate," replied his honor, with a smile.

"Well, that's it, I expect," answered the old lady. "You see," she went on confidentially, "my husband died detested and left several little infidels, and I want to be their executioner."

The tourist rushed into the country store. "I wanna quart of oil, some gas, a couple of spark plugs, a timer, a five-gallon kerosene can, and four pie tins."

"All righty," replied the enterprising clerk, "and you kin assemble 'er in the back room if you wanto."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

"An you say you were married for something better than a year?"

"Yes; for a day."

—Chicago Daily News.

Diner (to waiter): "What's the name of that selection the orchestra is playing?"

Waiter: "Go Feather Your Nest."

Diner: "Go jump in the lake. I asked you a civil question."

—Louisville Sayr.

Oscar Smith and his wife were having tea in a fashionable restaurant.

"Shall we dance, dear?" asked Oscar, rising from his chair.

"That wasn't the orchestra playing," replied his wife. "The waiter dropped a tray of china."

"Who spilled mustard on this waffle, dear?"

"Oh, John! How could you? This is lemon pie."

"Oh, please help me find my husband, I've lost him in the crowd."

"How will I know him?"

"He has a mermaid tattooed on his stomach."

At a performance of an amateur dramatic club an amusing incident occurred through the nervousness of one of the performers.

In the play a very fine band was the leading feature, and on every side nothing but praise and flattery of the music was to be heard.

In the third act the nervous young amateur, who was playing a minor part was to rush on the stage while the band was playing and cry: "Stop the music! The king is dead."

The critical moment came, and the excited, highly-strung amateur rushed on. "Stop the music!" he cried. "It has killed the king."

—Kablegram

"Mandy, Ah have one mo' wish afore Ah die."

"What is that, Charley?"

"Ah wants you to marry Deacon Smith."

"Why so, Charley?"

"Well, the deacon trimmed me on a houn' dog once."

"Hurrah! Five dollars for my latest story!"

"Congratulations, young man. From whom did you get the money?"

"From the express company. They lost it."

"Does yo' take this woman for thy lawfully wedded wife?" asked the colored parson, glancing at the diminutive, watery-eyed, bow-legged groom, who stood beside two hundred and ten pounds of feminine assurance.

"Ah takes nothin'," gloomily responded the bridegroom. "Ah's bein' tooked."

Prof.: "Wise men hesitate; fools are certain."

Pupil: "Are you sure?"

Prof.: "I am certain."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

St. Peter: "Who's there?"

Voice Without: "It is I."

Peter "Get out of here. We don't want any more school teachers."

"Come, come, my man! You've been looking around here for a long time without buying. What do you want?"

"Guess I want another floor-walker," replied the old gentleman. "I'm the new owner."

—Boston Transcript.

"Your tour was not a great success, then?" said a friend to an unsuccessful stage manager.

"It was not," admitted the stage manager. "When we played tragedy the box-office receipts were a farce, and when we played farce they were a tragedy!"

"I tell you I won't have this room," protested the old lady to the bellboy. "I ain't going to pay good money for a pig-pen with a measley little folding bed in it. You think just because I'm from the country—"

Disgusted, the boy cut her short. "Get in, lady. Get in. This ain't your room. This is the elevator."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

The dear old lady was chatting amiably with the innocent elevator boy as the lift rattled upward.

"Don't you find this work monotonous?" she asked.

"Oh, no, mum," came the reply. "Sometimes it's quite exciting. Only yesterday a man started to get out too soon, and got his head cracked; and last week the machinery broke down, and two people were hurt. And now this 'ere rope looks sort o' weak. I shouldn't wonder if it broke any time. And the engineer's ill today, and a hamatoor's on his job. It all makes things interestin'."

—Royal Arcanum Bulletin.

A man unaccustomed to praising his wife went out of his way to call her an angel.

"Mary," he said one morning, "you are an angel," and she felt charmed all day.

In the evening she ventured to ask him why she had been so honored.

"Well," said the wily one, "you are always flitting about; you are always harping on things; and, by your own account, you have nothing to wear!"



## Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People *Continued from page 69*

So let me keep the treasures of the humble heart

In true possession owning them by love.

And when at last I can no longer move

Among them freely but must part

From the green fields and from the waters clear

Let me not creep

Into some darkened place and hide

From all that makes the world so bright and dear

But throw the windows wide

To welcome in the light

And while I clasp a well-beloved hand

Let me once more have sight

Of the deep sky and the far-smiling land

Then gently fall asleep

And breathe my body back to nature's care

My spirit out to thee,

God of the Open Air.

## Col. "Bill" Easterwood, Crusader of Aviation

*Continued from page 68*

Dallas flight and his own experiences in the air held the breathless attention of the audience who were stirred by the eloquent and impassioned plea for aviation that has given him the distinction of an aviation crusader.

Soon after registering Colonel Easterwood made a visit to the Boston Airport to make preparations for the spectacular and awe-inspiring aerial parade that conveyed probably the largest army of Legionnaires who have marched together since the World War, representing every state in the Union as well as the insular possessions.

After the invigorating experience of basking in the enthusiasm radiated by Colonel Easterwood, the crusader of aviation, his hearers leave with a feeling that they have heard the herald of a new era and contacted with one whose thoughts soar in vaster fields than those in which our forefathers dreamed.

## Coleman duPont's Busy Life Achievements *Continued from page 62*

house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

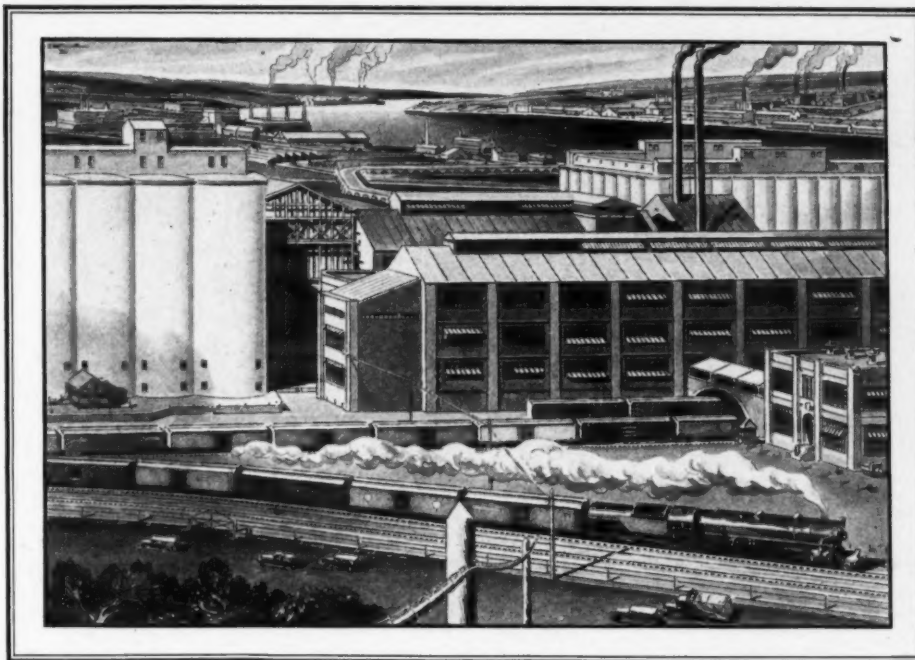
Coleman duPont is a man who not only lives by the side of the road and befriends his fellow men, but he also has built the roads over which millions pass in their pursuit of happiness and content in life.

## Under the Inspiration of "The King" Taft *Continued from page 55*

cational atmosphere when time shall bring about changes and replacements.

"The King" selects no single type of associate to assist him. His staff is made up of a varied group of individual personalities, the only thing in common being scholarship, teaching ability and esprit de corps.

Teaching, according to Horace Taft, is a



## Giants out of the earth

*An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

NO AGE but ours has seen so swift and complete an application of natural forces to the doing of daily tasks. Man's leaping knowledge . . . embodied in industrial plants and laboratories, airplanes and electric locomotives . . . has won new power and freedom. Machines are the symbols of a new relationship with nature. They are the servants of this civilization . . . helping men to extend the limits of their opportunities, to change the character of their life.

Americans have been pre-eminent in this change, for in whatever they do they seek to utilize nature to the utmost. They have taken the power out of the earth and from the running streams. They have made it turn the wheels of their industry and move their products by rail and road. They have made color and variety out of chemistry. They have spun metal in slim

wires to carry their voices anywhere with the speed of light . . . and make neighbors of the scattered millions of America.

Joining homes and work places, towns and distant cities, the Bell Telephone System has furnished a new communication for this new age. Forwarding the growth of the nation, giving better and more complete service in advance of the demand, its function has become the indispensable one of furnishing the means of social and business contacts in crowded cities and scattered villages over the length and breadth of a continent.

The Bell System is constantly improving the scope, speed and accuracy of its service. Its work of contributing to the welfare and prosperity of American life goes on with increasing purpose and pace.



profession. In the rural public schools it is a passive occupation; an interim for those expecting to marry, and the system lacks continuity.

Mr. Taft's success indicates that he was born a schoolmaster in spite of the fact that he began the study of law "as naturally as one goes from the junior to the senior class. It was the only possible thing for a Taft to do." He never liked law, although he was admitted to the bar in 1885, and finding that his ideas on education kept interfering with his study of Blackstone, he decided to abandon the profession and secured a tutorship at Yale, teaching Latin there from 1887 to 1890. He then founded his school, ten boarding students being registered the first year.

I visualized the gentlemanly ways of "The King" as I entered the school gate and noted the keep-off-the-grass signs. They spoke to me of kindness, gentleness and consideration and were devoid of any harsh suggestion. The simple inscription, "Please," conveyed to my mind why Mr. Taft's boys are gentlemen and at the same time why I should respect the property of others.

"The King" teaches the art of being fair with the same skill he teaches Latin or any other study. The unstinted demonstration of the art results in the student body acquiring a degree of fairness which gives the school distinction among institutions of its kind. Fairness is in evidence in every school activity.

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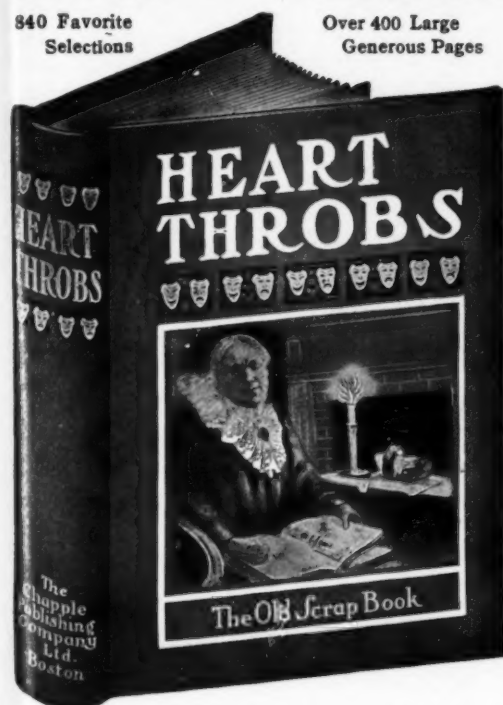
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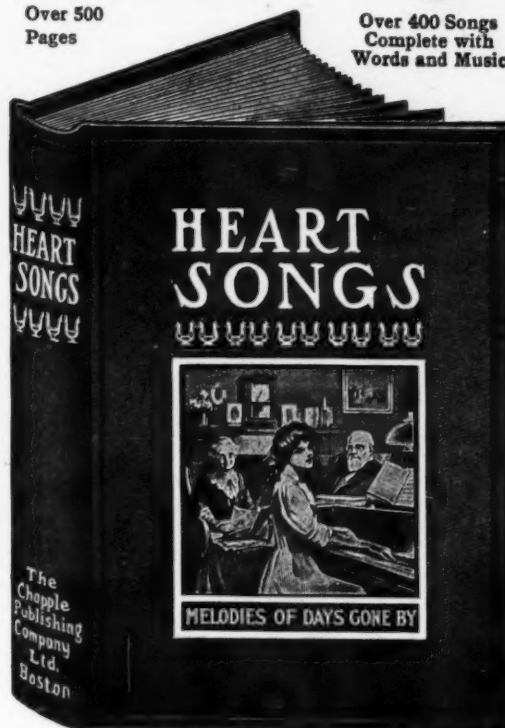
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## A NATION-WIDE SELLER

*Joe Mitchell Chapple's New Book, "Favorite Heart Throbs," Reviewed in a New York Dispatch,  
Broadcast by the United Press to Newspapers All Over the Country*

The UNITED PRESS sent out the following dispatch from New York concerning this noteworthy new book "Favorite Heart Throbs."

"Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston, writer and publisher, who has 'looked into the hearts of 50,000 people,' has collected poems for a book called 'Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People.' An amazing array of notables have confided in Chapple.

"President Hoover's favorite, 'The Fisherman,' from Ed-

die Guest's 'Just Folks,' recites a conversation between two men who met 'along a stream that raced and ran' in ear-shot of 'the pipes o' pan' and admired each other's trout.

'Out here,' he told, with a smile,  
'Away from all the city's sham,  
The strife for splendor and for style,  
The ticker and the telegram,  
I come for just a little while  
To be exactly as I am.'

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"Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" is just what it says—the poems which have touched the hearts of famous people. It includes intimate, inspirational heart to heart biographic sketches by the author.

### JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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### Some of the Many Thousands of Letters Received

W. A. Clements,  
464 Wilmot Ave.,  
Bridgeport, Conn.

An American, the son of one of General Grant's soldiers, wants to thank you for your program this date. It was wonderful. Your hour on the air was the best I ever heard. Again I thank you.

J. H. Elwell,  
33 Brewster Road,  
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Your Sunday presentation of the Hays regime was a masterpiece, not only in voice, but by the authenticity of facts. Please accept my great thanks to you and the station WEEI from which this perfect radio casting was made possible.

Watson M. Ayers,  
Danvers, Mass.

I had the privilege and pleasure of listening to you last evening over the radio at WEEI, Boston, on "Face to Face with our Presidents." You did splendidly in reproducing the spirit of the times. I am a retired minister of the New England Methodist Conference in my 97th year, able to take an interest in what is going on in town, state, country and world. You have first class talent in reproducing characters vividly. I anticipate hearing you next Sunday night.

Mrs. John W. Patrick,  
634 Prospect St.,  
Methuen, Mass.

Your broadcasts are wonderful. When your half hour is over, I have that same feeling I experience after a good turkey dinner—I have taken in mind something on which to feed and something that can be digested and so do me good mentally. We people who cannot see do certainly appreciate these wonderful choice things which come to us over the air from such brainy and busy men. Your voice, too carries well, and every word is so distinctly enunciated.

W. S. Preyer,  
W. S. Preyer & Co.,  
Buffalo, N. Y.

Your radio broadcasting received splendidly and comments of friends and associates very flattering to you and we look forward with eagerness to continuation of your program. Such talks as you are giving are particularly interesting to young America.

J. Milnor Walmsley,  
Union Trust Building,  
Rochester, N. Y.

I desire to express my sincere thanks to the National Broadcasting Co. and to Mr. Chapple for a program that is not only a wonderful entertainment, but is most interesting from an educational standpoint. I do not think the program can be improved.

H. G. Robertson,  
33 Carver St.,  
Springfield, Mass.

You surely have that happy faculty of making one forget one's self and see through your eyes; it is indeed a pleasure to listen to your vivid descriptions.

G. Campbell Bensley,  
14 Ivy St.,  
Boston, Mass.

I wish to thank you for the enjoyment we have derived from your Sunday afternoon programs. I think of all programs, barring none, we have enjoyed yours the most. The personal touch and insight into the life and character of the great men of our day has been a delightful inspiration. I am fifteen years old and a freshman in the Jamaica Plain High School agricultural course.

Helen F. Seiwick,  
3 Acton St.,  
Maynard, Mass.

Your talks are indeed enlightening for although one may have read a great deal of the life of many of whom you speak somehow you seem to have always come in closer touch and to know some little interesting thing that one would get in no other way. Though one may have looked upon the very scene you describe, you somehow have viewed it with different eyes and in a different light. One is sure to become enlightened by what you have to say.

R. Wright,  
Summer St.,  
Boston, Mass.

Joe Chapple certainly makes your heart throb. The best talks I've heard on the radio.

Mrs. Philip P. Lund,  
810 E. 3rd St.,  
South Boston, Mass.

I have enjoyed Mr. Chapple's most inspiring talks.

H. A. Merion,  
Hotel La Salle,  
Boston, Mass.

I listen in and have a wonderful time when you are on the air. I call it My Enchanted Hour.

Mrs. Eva W. Schneider,  
33 Wetherbee Ave.,  
Lowell, Mass.

I was very much interested and greatly pleased with your broadcast last Sunday afternoon. I hope to listen to many more in the future.

Geo. H. Shea,  
309 North Ave.,  
No. Abington, Mass.

Your half hour "on the air" today has turned a dull day into an interesting one. Since hearing you speak, a few years ago, at Boston University, I have been interested in whatever you have to say or write.

H. B. Daviss,  
Lawyer, Corsicana, Texas.

Chanced to "tune in" on your lecture "Face to Face with our Presidents" and enjoyed every word of your lecture, with its interspersed music, etc. I shall give myself the pleasure of listening in to the remainder of your talks. Indeed, I very genuinely enjoyed this personal touch with you, for such it seemed.

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## What's In The Magazine These Months

Continued from page 1

are being improved, the airplane routes are expanding—and Mexico is rapidly metamorphosing into a modern nation—for instance the Editor says the dress of the natives often complies with the latest fashion hints from the United States. His recital of the adventures on the trip and his description of the people south of the Rio Grande are well worth the reading.

An appropriate and thrilling Mexican story will also appear in this issue. "Insurrecto" by Wilbur Daniel Steele is the "piece de resistance" in the fiction offerings. This story, which will be printed complete, is an exciting tale of aviation, told in the vigorous style of Mr. Steele. It is calculated to rivet the interest of all, of people interested in aviation and others—if there are any others!

Another Plupy story will be printed in November. A slight change is made, however, for "The Failure of the Bill Poasters Company" is not an essay like "Plupy Looks Critically at Loafers" and "Plupy Delivers an Opinion on Clubs," but is pure fiction, relating the adventures of the real boy, Plupy, as seen by Judge Henry A. Shute.

Other articles of interest will appear, including a description of the new musical, "Princess Charming," sketches of prominent personalities, together with the usual departments.

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**"Prelude in C Sharp Minor,"** painted for the Steinway Collection by Boris Anisfeld. In this familiar Prelude Rachmaninoff has brought a stirring Russian theme to vivid realization. Its sombre chromatic progressions and its vivid moments of dramatic intensity distinguish it as one of the most brilliant and original of modern compositions. . . . In commenting on his interpretive painting Mr. Anisfeld writes: "I saw in my imagination the four horsemen, famine, sickness, war and death. . . . After the havoc that they had wrought, comes peace, and life is started anew. I interpreted this as maternity, which never ends, but goes on forever."

In a recent letter sent to Steinway and Sons, Sergei Rachmaninoff said: "I am very happy to have the opportunity of using your pianos for my concerts because I consider them to be perfect in every way."



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# Press and Critics Pronounce "Vivid Spain" A Superlative Book



*Elaborately Illustrated with 30 Rare Etchings by Levon West*

**New York Times:** "Vivid Spain" by Joe Mitchell Chapple is profusely illustrated. Original etchings and drawings by Levon West add interest to the book, as do also the color reproductions of two Sorolla paintings of the dance from the collection of the Hispanic Society of America. For good measure, many interesting photographs are added. Mr. Chapple's enthusiasm for everything Spanish is contagious. His style gives the impression that he is representative of the type of care-free, jolly American whose broad and persistent smile carries him through every circumstance and where angels fear to tread.

**The Boston Pilot:** As an artistic treasure, "Vivid Spain" merits an honored place upon the bookshelves.

**Minneapolis, Minn., Daily Star:** It is the story of a delightful ramble through sunny Spain by an author who has eyes and knows how to describe what he sees without permitting himself to become monotonous.

**The Charlotte, N. C., Observer:** Each chapter is vivid and full of color.

**The Milledgeville, Ga., Times:** There are two classes of people—those whose life holds the unspeakable joy of at least one visit to the continent, and those who can only dream of going. For both classes we enthusiastically recommend "Vivid Spain." It is the best book on the travel shelf this season.

**Post Dispatch, St. Louis, Mo.:** Joe Chapple, the distinguished widely known Boston editor, relates in an intimate way, just he might tell it as he smoked his after dinner cigar, and with the characteristic dash and finish of which he is master, he makes his word pictures live.

**The Dispatch, St. Paul, Minn.:** About all things he is interesting and informative in his casual, journalistic manner. If you have shunned the travel book as something ponderous and statistical, you may take this one up without fear. It is as off-hand as your own conversation, but—perhaps—better.

**Schenectady Gazette, New York:** The book, "Vivid Spain," is pleasant in its rambling conversational manner and at the same time is truly a picture of an unknown land. It is in no sense a guide book, but it seems like one that would please a prospective traveler in the land of air castles, or make another want to travel there.

**The Toledo Blade, Ohio:** The brilliant colors in which the imagination of the average reader has been persuaded by fiction and travel books to picture far-away Spain with a wide and generous brush are splashed through the pages of Joe Mitchell Chapple's tribute to that land of bullfights and black-eyed Carmens. It is as handsome a travel book as has come this way in several seasons.

**The Herald, Boston, Mass.:** Mr. Chapple makes it the breezy and unconventional chronicle of a leisurely ramble through Spain, and every page sparkles with the anecdotes of his experiences and of his contacts with everybody from the King and Prime Minister down the social scale. Mr. Chapple not only covered Spain very thoroughly, but flew across to Africa in an airplane, and had no end of experiences denied the ordinary tourist.

**Hartford, Conn., Daily Courant:** This is a chatty personal record of a tour through Spain illustrated with many photographs, and a number of really impressive and beautiful drawings and etchings by Levon West.

**Northwestern, Oshkosh, Wis.:** In his incomparable book, "Vivid Spain," Joe Mitchell Chapple takes you into the very heart of Spain, carrying you over its highways and Lyways, and conducting you into its remotest regions. He introduces you into the courts and palaces of kings as well as into the humble homes of the peasantry.

**The Constitution, Atlanta, Ga.:** The author from "The Attic" in the great America city of New York pays the following greeting to this far-famed and much-talked-of country: "Spain, Vivid Spain! Redolent of romance and tradition, what fantastic visions you have conjured in the minds of alien peoples since the Phoenician navigators first sailed in the shadow of the Pillars of Hercules!" The author's appreciation of the beauties of this far-away country is presented in this beautiful volume in which he so generously asks that his readers share with him the joy of many happy days in Vivid Spain.

**Detroit, Mich., Free Press:** Embellished with original etchings and drawings by Levon West, this book on Spain is written by a man who went forth seeking romance and found it. He is not concerned with the drab side of life but with its colorful aspects. Architecture, the gaiety of the people, the art and artists of Spain, the national institutions, the king—all the high spots and the bright places he makes vivid for the reader.

**Salt Lake, Utah, Tribune:** In "Vivid Spain" Mr. Chapple reminds us that Spain should mean more than that to us, since to America Spain stands in the light of a foster-mother, and, as latest claims will have it, is that of the Castilian country. History, legend, bits of local color, interesting and humorous incidents of their travels mingle in Mr. Chapple's narrative with pleasing inconsequence.

**Winston-Salem, N. C., Journal:** "Vivid Spain" is one of the handsomest volumes that has yet come into this reviewer's hands.

**New York Herald Tribune:** Impressions and illustrations are crowded between the covers of Joe Mitchell Chapple's "Vivid Spain." The equally comprehensive text is described by the author as a "record of appreciation, not a didactic or profound history, peppered with footnotes from mystic authorities, or fables agreed upon as a psychoanalysis of people—but a simple volume with no other purpose than to have the reader share the joy of our many happy days in Vivid Spain." Levon West's etchings are lovely and suggestive, and the two Sorollas glow with that warm abandon which one expects of Sorolla and of Spain. One must be grateful to the author who has brought them together.

**New York World:** Really good travel books are rare indeed. Joe Mitchell Chapple in sunlight and by moonlight, grave and gay, smiling and thoughtful is Joe Mitchell Chapple, stout, good-natured, and unquenchably American. He was unquestionably in Spain, and one fancies he enjoyed himself enormously. His book is breezy and informal, chatty and informative.

**Honolulu Star Bulletin:** Spain vividly described in word and line. Vivid, vivacious, virile—vibrant with life, color and personality, strong in atmosphere and compelling in interest—such is Joe Mitchell Chapple's "Vivid Spain." The book is beautifully illustrated with 30 original etchings by Levon West and 34 Photographs, beside two exquisite color pages.

**The Portsmouth Herald, N. H.:** Joe Mitchell Chapple, the world-renowned editor, lecturer, and traveler, has just written a book, "Vivid Spain," which is enjoyable from cover to cover in which he brings out the enchantment of romantic old Castile.

**Dispatch, Columbus, Ohio:** Nothing in the book line that has appeared lately is more fascinating than this book of travel of Joe Mitchell Chapple. To those who have been to Spain, it will be a revelation of how much can be represented in words of what has actually been experienced and to those who have not been there it is an amazing proof of what delightful things can be laid before him without any suggestion of guide book or cicerone. Nor does he become too familiar with kings and popes and tell them where to head in as do so many of the lesser fry. Joe Chapple writes as he talks and there is not a Rotarian in the world who will not recognize his genial tone. He takes you by the hands and says: "Come and see with me." Aside from the meat that is in the text (it is full of it) the book is beautifully illustrated by original drawings and etchings by Levon West.

**Catholic Historical Review:** Under the striking title "Vivid Spain" Joe Mitchell Chapple presents a book containing a notable record of impressions received during two rather comprehensive tours through Spain and Morocco. It is an attractive and informative volume bristling with episodes of a country whose appeal is entrancing.

**The Providence, R.I., Journal:** As a foreword to his very attractively bound book, Mr. Chapple explains that it is "our record of appreciation—a simple volume with no other purpose than to have the reader share the joy of our many happy days in Vivid Spain." A multitude of etchings by Levon West—all these, with the graphic descriptions of the enthusiastic raconteur, help one to realize that, in very truth, Spain is redolent of romance and tradition.

**The Quaker postess Martha Shepard Lippincott:** "Vivid Spain" by Joe Mitchell Chapple is a keenly interesting book telling us of the wonderful beauty and romance of Spain that the author tells so vividly that he makes you feel as though you, too, had been seeing the things they saw. The book has a wealth of beautiful photographs and many original etchings by Levon West. Seldom do you see a book published in such fine style and so keenly interesting and making you feel as though you were going right along with the author and seeing and enjoying the things he saw; and with so many pictures to show you just what it is like. Each page of the book seems alive and showing you just what the travelers saw and felt. Joe Mitchell Chapple is a man who knows how to get the keenest enjoyment out of life and to pass it on to others.

**The Banner, Nashville, Tenn.:** In his book, "Vivid Spain," Joe Mitchell Chapple has presented a gorgeously colorful picture of that land of color and bull-fights, dark-eyed senoritas, and other things equally engaging. The book has some enticing etchings and drawings by Levon West. "Vivid Spain" is an altogether appropriate title for this pleasing glimpse of the country, the King, Dictator, the customs, habits, manners and general history of the people.

**New York Sun:** A well-written account of the scenes, traditions, and personalities of a country previously neglected by the American traveler, but now yearly attracting more interest. It is illustrated with half-tones and some excellent etchings.

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